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HAUNTED.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Is that a ghost in the corner there,
White as a cloud, and as thin to see?
Floating about at each breath of air;
Say, is 't a phantom looking at me?

A phantom! Ha! I am wild to-night!
It must be I'm tired, and half asleep,
When I think that a veil of fleecy white,
Is a phantom lurking where shadows creep!

Ah me! it is mine! How it drifts about!
It flutters and moves like a thing of life;
Did you see that shape like a hand thrust out?
Who whispered, and called me an old man's wife?

How it shudders and trembles, that white thing there!
Do the breezes flutter its thin folds so?
Ah! I know there's a ghost in the corner there—
The ghost of a love, dead long ago.

Who says that I lie? that it is not dead,
That it lives in my heart as of old, to-night?
See! the phantom shivers and shakes its head!
Perhaps I am wrong, and that it is right!

Let me think! Is there love in my poor heart yet,
For the man I knew when my hand was free?
I thought that his face I could well forget;
But to-night he is looking again at me.

I love him. What use is this mask of mine?
My heart is his, but my hand, ah me!—
When I see this ring on my finger shine,
I think of a slave who can ne'er be free!

Fettered with gold! with chains of gold!
Fair to see, but heavy to bear—
The glitter for which my soul was sold!
What a sad white face in the corner there!

A face! I am wild! 'Tis the veil I wore
When I stood at the altar's front to-day;
How my soul grew sick when my white lips swore
The man at my side to love, obey!

Laugh at, and mock me, oh phantom white;
Flout in my face with your shadowy hands—
While I sit like a slave in chains to-night,
And wait for my owner's proud commands.

THE KING OF CARD PLAYERS.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY LOUISE MUHLBACH.

AUTHOR OF "THE ELECTOR AND THE MONEY PRINCE," &c.

CHAPTER V.

AT THE VIENNA CONGRESS.

To Vienna had Thomas Raily repaired, to Vienna, which, since the autumn of 1814, had been the place of assemblage for all princes, all high military chiefs and diplomatists, the *rendezvous* for all beautiful women, were they queens or princesses, countesses, artistes, or adventurers.

Vienna was throughout this winter the Eldorado for all Europe, the hope, the consolation, the trust and phantasmagoria for all hearts and all heads. For fourteen years had Europe been torn and dismembered by wars. Every throne tottered to its foundation, nothing more was stable or enduring; for this hero, who, sword in hand, had shaped the destiny of France, together with all lands of the blood-stained soil of Europe, this hero had overthrown all laws, shaken every throne, until the day of retribution had come, and upon the battle-field of Leipsic the thunder of the cannon had become for him the thunder of the tribunal of the world.

The Emperor of the French had been compelled to descend from his throne, and on the little island of Elba he was doomed to dream of past days of glory and greatness, to console himself with the show of regal splendor as a prisoner for the reality of the lost imperial majesty.

And now all the sovereigns with their ambassadors, their diplomatists, and their entire suites had come to Vienna.

England was there to effect the possession of Malta, Prussia desired the kingdom of Saxony, Russia laid claims to Poland, Sardinia wanted to increase her domains with the addition of Genoa, Austria demanded Venice, Denmark a portion of Sweden.

And opposed to all these claimants were the petitioners who were striving to rescue what was yet to be rescued. At the head of the latter, France, crushed, humiliated, bleeding France, that they were now trying to cut off at the confines of the Rhine, from

A BAD OMEN.

whom they wanted to snatch Alsace to give it to Austria. Then came the ambassador of the unfortunate King of Saxony, who was supplicating of all the diplomatists for the existence of the kingdom of Saxony. And there were the ambassadors of the republic of Genoa, who, like Venice, wished to preserve her independence and her honor.

But whilst these diplomatists were at work bartering and exchanging lands and souls, the sovereigns were busy amusing themselves. Each one of them had, in coming to Vienna, taken pains to leave Madame "Etiquette" and ceremony at home, and only upon the occasion of pompous dinners and reunions at the imperial palace was this Madame "Etiquette" remembered; and then only insomuch that the host of adventurers, which at other times besieged the congress and found admission everywhere else, were here excluded. Only crowned heads, and those who wore the old imperial coronets of counts and marquises, were permitted to appear at these official fetes.

For the rest, all the usual ceremonial was banished even upon these occasions, and the emperors and kings took precedence, not according to their rank, but according to their age. Therefore the King of Wurtemberg took precedence as the eldest of all the crowned heads, and the Emperor of Russia as the youngest of all came last, when the six sovereigns made a ceremonial entry into any saloon.

But this New Year's night of the year 1815 all ceremonial was banished even from the imperial palace. The Emperor of Austria gave in the large and small masquerading halls of the palace a brilliant festival to the sovereigns and all strangers of distinction present in Vienna.

The grand masquerading hall and the two smaller adjacent saloons were magnificently decorated, even the imperial riding-school was thrown open, displaying all the brilliancy of its architectural beauty. This was to be the dancing hall for the general public.

In the smaller masquerading hall was erected an *estrade* for the monarchs and royal ladies. Myrtle and orange trees rose from enormous vases, whose green was embellished with various-colored illuminated balls. Gigantic chandeliers, adorned with hundreds of large wax candles, shed the light of day over all this fairy-like splendor, making resplendent the gold of the tapestry and the magnificent furniture, and reflecting everything a thousand times in the great mirrors on the walls. The *estrade* in the small masquerading hall was decorated with the trophies and banners of all the countries of Europe, and presented a remarkable appearance, as now the emperors and kings, the empresses and queens took their places upon it. They sat amidst a sea of light; the stars of the orders of all lands glittering in the gold-embroidered uniforms of the sovereigns. Aladdin's treasury must have been exhausted to supply all these diadems, necklaces, bracelets, these sapphires, rubies, and pearls with which the princesses were adorned. In gay, pleasant, social intercourse, they presented a picture of the harmony and friendship of all Europe to the thousands who moved through the halls in the motley throng of masks.

Amidst all these superb costumes it was nevertheless possible for one mask to excite universal attention. The golden chariot, in form similar to the triumphal car of the Roman emperors, that was just rolling through the broad-pillared hall into the smaller masquerading hall, presented a group of such splendor and beauty, that the effect was imposing even to the crowned heads upon the *estrade*. There sat within, in fantastic costume, a manly form, his head encircled with long, white hair, and beard reaching down to the diamond sparkling girdle which confined the gold-embroidered blue velvet robe he wore. His feet in gold-embroidered slippers, glittering with diamonds and rubies, rested upon a white satin cushion embroidered with rubies. Four beautiful, richly and fantastically attired Circassian girls unmasked, pushed the chariot into the room. Directly before the *estrade* of the sovereigns they paused, and at a sign from their master began their graceful dance. Two other Circassian girls on the broad back of the chariot made music for the dance with the lyres they held in their arms. It was a sight of entrancing beauty, an exquisite group, and overpowered with amaze and rapture the thousands present listened in breathless silence to the delicious music.

When the music had ceased, and the dance was at an end, the Emperor Alexander arose and betokened his approbation with a loud bravo and enthusiastic clapping of his hands, and there immediately arose a loud clapping of the hands throughout the whole suite of saloons.

Everybody inquired—"Who is this wonderful old man?"

"It cannot be any of the sovereigns—for they are all assembled upon the *estrade!*"

"It must be some foreign prince, who has arrived unexpectedly."

"Who can it be? Whence does he come?"

"Who are these beauteous Circassians, of whose existence even up to this moment no one was aware?"

Even the princes and rulers appeared curious; for when they descended from the *estrade* and mingled with the public after the first dance, they, too, inquired: "Who is he?" And when no one could answer the query, the Emperor Alexander, who, leaning on the arm of the King of Prussia, at that moment approached the group of inquirers, laughingly said—

"I will tell you, my dear brother; it is the 'old man of the mountains,' who has come down from his rare palace on Lebanon, to put us poor worms of humanity to shame with his splendor."

And now it spread like wildfire from saloon to saloon:

"It is the 'old man from Mount Lebanon!'"

"Well, we shall see who is disguised under the mask," said the jovial King Max of Bavaria, laughingly. "I shall not lose sight of him; and as it is nearly midnight, we shall soon know who he is."

And thus, followed by kings and crown princes, the "old man of the mountains" walked through the saloons.

Suddenly there arose a flourish of trumpets, and a beating of drums through the halls.

The year 1815 had begun, and all thronged about the masquerading hall in which the emperors and kings stood beneath the great chandelier, to receive the congratulations and good wishes of those present. But in order to gain access, the guests must unmask—and accordingly the masks flew off.

The Countess Esterhazy was the first who approached the emperor, and wished him, in a loud voice, happiness for the New Year; and begged, in the name of Europe, that peace might be maintained by their majesties.

The emperor bowed low to her, and in a voice, evidently intended to ring through the vast assemblage, replied that all his desires were fixed upon maintaining peace in Europe; and that no sacrifice would be too great to attain the fulfillment of his desires.

A cry of joyous exultation rang through the halls, and from mouth to mouth it was repeated:

"There will continue peace in Europe through the year 1815. The Emperor Alexander has promised it."

And the Emperor Franz embraced him, saying, "that he, too, desired nothing more fervently, than peace for all Europe."

And after receiving this happy assurance, the universal curiosity returned to the "old man of the mountains," for whom room was now being made, to approach the sovereigns.

As he withdrew his mask, a face unknown to the multitude was displayed. And every one asked his neighbor: "Do you know this man?" and every one shook his head in the negative.

Several Russian counts, who were present, smiled with pleasure, and whispered something to the Emperor Alexander. Then the emperor, too, smiled, and beckoned to the "old man of the mountains," who was approaching, followed by the Circassian girls.

"You are, I believe," said the emperor, with smiling affability, "you are, I believe, Sir Thomas Raily!"

The stranger bowed low.

"Sire, I am at this moment only the vassal and slave of the Emperor of Russia."

Alexander smiled.

"And yet you give yourself much pains to set vassals free! I have heard of you, Sir Thomas Raily; I have been told of your adventure in Moscow. You acted most nobly," continued the emperor, in a louder voice; "you set one soul free from the unhappy thraldom I have not yet been able to wholly banish from Russia. I thank you!"

He bowed graciously, and then turning to the King of Prussia, he related to him the story of that celebrated game of faro in Moscow. After hearing the story, the King of Prussia, too, entered into friendly discourse with Sir Thomas Raily, and expressed his approbation aloud.

And this "I thank you!" of the Emperor Alexander, and the friendly manner of the King of Prussia, was noted by the by-standers, and Sir Thomas Raily found himself at once the personage the most in demand in the halls of the palace.

"What can he have done? What can be the meaning of this gracious reception by the two great sovereigns?

The Russian cavaliers told of that famous game in Moscow, and like wild-fire it flew from mouth to mouth: "That is the celebrated gambler, Thomas Raily, who so nobly won the freedom of two souls." And others whispered: "He has a letter of credit for a million on the house of Arnstein and Eskeles."

The glory and renown of the gambler and millionaire filled all hearts and all eyes. From this day forth it was no longer asked "Who is this man?" when he appeared in any saloon, or drove through the streets of Vienna in his richly caparisoned equipage.

From thenceforth Thomas Raily was a known and esteemed personage. He had hired the palace of Count Rosenberg, and had it furnished in sumptuous style. There, after balls and masquerades, assembled cavaliers from all the countries of Europe, to meet one another in jovial freedom from restraint, to relate adventures, and play cards until broad daylight.

CHAPTER VI.

THE KING OF CARD PLAYERS AND THE KING OF CHEESE.

Cards must be played at the Congress as well as at all other great assemblies throughout Europe. Cards were the passion of all cavaliers and wealthy gentlemen of the times. They played in those days not only for crowns and lands, they played for millions at the exchange as in the saloon, and millions rolled away and disappeared on exchange as at the green-table!

Thomas Raily knew all about that. The millions that flowed in to him vanished swiftly in the splendor and magnificence with which he surrounded himself. But what did it matter?

The wealthy cavaliers who frequented his saloon repeatedly replenished his purse; "*Fortuna*" is true to him, but he no longer is so to her. His heart is stirred by the beautiful Countess Leonore von Morgenstern. The most distinguished cavaliers sue for her favor; and the gambler Raily stands aside gazing upon her with wistful eyes, only to see that she has for him no notice, no thoughts!

Of what avail are now the diamonds and precious stones? Of what avail is it that all Vienna is talking of him, of his prosperity, his generosity? Thomas Raily feels that there is one thing that cannot be bought: "the love of a noble, beautiful woman!" Oh, Alice, you were right! The gambler has discovered a heart within his breast, and it glows and yearns for one smile of the beautiful Countess Leonore.

She had never observed him, she paid no heed to him, although he strove in every way to attract her attention. Wherever she appeared, he appeared also.

The cavaliers who in zealous assiduity paid court to her, knew of it, and told the countess about it.

But she shrugged her beautiful shoulders contemptuously, saying: "How can he presume to raise his eyes to me! A gambler!"

And her proud gaze swept past him as though she were unconscious of his existence.

"But I will constrain her to look upon me!" he said to himself. "I will force her to look upon me and think of me! She is betrothed to Count Zibin, and is said to love him. How can she love him, though? He is ugly, awkward and ignorant! Above all, a gambler like myself."

Yes, she will be forced to think of him! He will seek revenge on Zibin, the Russian count, the gambler, who is not worthy to touch so much as the finger tips of the countess! Only be patient, the hour of vengeance will yet come! He knows human nature, he knows how to speculate upon its weaknesses! What he promised himself in Bath when he parted from Alice shall indeed upon this day go into fulfillment!

Raily has invited kings and princes to be his guests; they have accepted his invitation, and to-day there will sit crowned heads around his table. It is a day of triumph and of justification!

"Oh, Alice, I did right to renounce the dusty law office and the humble bride! This suite of magnificent saloons is now mine; kings and princes will to-day eat at my table, and the day will come when the proud Countess Leonore von Morgenstern will give me her hand and become mine!"

He has forgotten what handsome Nash, the King of Bath, said to him: "Above all things guard against a passionate love, Thomas Raily. A gambler who is in love ceases to have luck!" He has forgotten this entirely, and stands now proudly in the centre of the sumptuous saloon awaiting the arrival of his regal guests.

The splendid equipages roll up before his palace. The eager multitude throng the street to see the princes alight. And every one knows that the wealthy English gambler, Thomas Raily, dwells in that princely mansion.

The princes and other guests approach their host with friendly greetings.

The saloons are superbly decorated, and above all the great banqueting-hall is sumptuous in its appointments, whilst the table groans beneath the weight of the costly viands. Massive silver services are displayed, too; and scattered about in lavish magnificence, glittering crystal vases, containing fresh flowers, to procure which in the middle of winter must have cost thousands. And all these splendors belonged to him, Thomas Raily, the gambler! The poor clerk of an advocate in Bath was transformed into the envied millionaire, the friend of the most distinguished lords and gentlemen!

The lackeys in their gold embroidered liveries flew to the tables and served on silver platters the choicest viands, whilst sparkling wines emitted the richest fragrance from their ruby drops.

Thomas Raily, radiant with pleasure, gazed around this brilliant assemblage, and a feeling of proud triumph filled his heart.

"I have attained the fulfillment of my vow, I stand at the goal! Only one thing is wanting, Leonore!"

As these thoughts passed through his mind, whilst jests and merriment prevailed around the table, one of the princes arose, holding in his hand a glass of sparkling champagne.

"Gentlemen!" he cried, "now that so many new governments are being proclaimed, when republics fall and kings arise, I, too, will proclaim a new land: the land of 'Faro,' and its king is Raily! I raise my glass and drink to the health of the 'King of Card Players, Raily!'"

There arose at these words a merry laughter throughout the hall, and all arose from their seats and chimed in with—

"Long live Raily, the King of Card Players!"

The musicians in attendance set up a

*An elevated platform.

flourish of trumpets to greet the new made king, the King of Card Players!

He raised his glass to tip with the prince who had given the toast. At that moment, before touching the other glass, it cracked and fell in shivers at his feet, and the wine flowed out like a stream of blood.

Raily trembled, and muttered to himself:

"That is a bad omen!"

No one else, however, seemed to look upon it other than as a good joke, and again the music chimed in, and again the merry assembly cried:

"Long live Raily, the King of Card Players!"

"How can the Prince of Ligne say that the Congress only dances, without accomplishing aught else?" exclaimed one of the most distinguished guests. "Here in two days we have created two new kings!"

"Who is the second king?" was the universal cry. "Where has the second king been proclaimed?"

"That we accomplished yesterday at the dinner at Prince Talleyrand's!" was the reply. "It was a select, merry festival, but at its close arose quite a dispute—can you guess what about?"

"Whether the King of Prussia should obtain Saxony?"

"Whether France must give up all her territory this side of the Rhine?"

"Whether the Republic of Genoa should be preserved?"

"Whether the King of Denmark wins souls or only hearts?"

"No, gentlemen," laughed the prince, "not upon any of these questions! The mighty rulers and diplomatists discussed the grave question as to which country of Europe produced the best cheese! And I do assure you the dispute waxed as eager as though it treated of provinces and souls! In the midst of the discussion the prince's secretary came in to announce the arrival of a courier from France, from King Louis XVIII."

"'What does he bring?'" asked the prince.

"'He brings despatches from the royal cabinet, and cheese from Brie.'"

"'See that the dispatches are taken into the office, and have the cheese brought at once to the table! It could not come at a more favorable moment!'

"All the other cheeses had been brought forward and tried in their turn—and decision had almost been made in favor of the Stilton cheese, for which Lord Castlereagh claimed propaganda, when the cheese of Brie appeared. It did not take long to declare this cheese of Brie, the king of all cheeses. So you see, gentlemen, how in two days we have created two kings! May they both prosper! Long live the Cheese King, and long live the King of Card players!"

And so they laughed and jested—and it never occurred to these distinguished gentlemen that it might wound the King of Card Players to be cheered together with the King of Cheeses.

It was honor enough paid the former when they condescended to sit at his table; what need was there to spare his feelings?

After the repast, the guests repaired to an adjoining apartment to take coffee and sherbet. Here, too, was the table spread with luxuries, and Thomas Raily entreated his guests to each help himself to a memorial from the ornaments and articles of value.

Not until after the princely guests had dispersed, did the games begin. Then at the different tables were played at pleasure, here whist and l'hombre, there faro and piquet! With a smile upon his lips, Thomas Raily now approached Count Zibin.

"Count, I am aware that when you play luck is always on your side, and that you are extraordinarily skillful at cards! I beg of you, as an especial favor, the honor of being permitted to play with the best and most skillful player, a rubber of piquet!"

The count smiled affably, as he at once seated himself at a card-table with Thomas Raily; and around about them assembled a crowd of spectators to watch the interesting game.

It was a long, obstinate contest, in which thousands of gold pieces flew back and forth.

When the morning dawned, the game was concluded! Count Zibin arose from his seat pale and trembling, followed by the compassionate glances of the cavaliers.

He had forfeited two millions in bills of exchange to Thomas Raily. Silently and gloomily he tottered out, and gloomily the other guests followed him.

Thomas Raily gazed after him with flashing eyes, whilst a triumphant smile played about his lips.

"Now she will think of me! Now she will be compelled to recognize my existence! Now she will perhaps come herself to beg mercy for her betrothed! But I will exercise no mercy, I will be unrelenting!"

After a few hours came the friends of Count Zibin to bring about an agreement with Raily, and persuade him to be satisfied with a smaller sum.

"This game must surely be only a jest!" said Zibin's friends, Count La Gade and Count Razumowsky. "It is impossible that you intend to make a beggar of one of your own guests, who sat at your own table! It would injure your reputation!

"You have hitherto been looked upon as a cavalier, a nobleman! And now people will say you invited guests for the purpose of getting their money from them!

"Consider what you are doing, for if the affair becomes known you will draw upon yourself the highest displeasure of the Emperor Alexander and the other sovereigns! The Emperor Alexander is an avowed enemy to gambling!"

"And yet he thanked me for one game of cards," replied Raily, smiling. "Besides, I have not the honor of being a subject of the Emperor of Russia! I am a *free* man, and you yourself yesterday proclaimed me king! I am the King of Card Players, Thomas Raily, and as such it is my right to hold fast to what I win!"

"Very well," replied the gentlemen, "hold fast to it, but take good heed that you do not one day lose, and that you are not hurled back into the dust of obscurity from whence you came! You know very well that the luck of the gambler is fickle and changeable, and that sunshine is apt to be followed by storms!"

They turned and went out without a word of farewell. Thomas Raily gazed after them with a proud smile.

"It was necessary to fill up my exchequer again, for they are right, the gambler's luck is inconstant. I was almost at the end of my treasures, now I am rich again! And now *she* will be forced to think of me! Yes, if she comes, if the beautiful Countess Leonore von Morgenstern herself comes to sue for him, then perhaps I may have mercy!"

"Mercy! mercy!" was at this moment cried without the door, which was now burst open by one of Raily's lackeys.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB'RY 6, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

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In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

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Cut Adrift; or, The Tide of Fate.

This novelet by Miss Amanda M. Douglas, author of "Sydnie Adriance," is nearly ready for publication—and we design commencing it in a week or two.

THE COMING YEAR.

We design making THE POST for the coming year superior to what it has ever been.

In the way of new Novelets we are able already to announce:—

The King of Card Players.
BY LOUISE MUHLBACH.

Cut Adrift; or, The Tide of Fate.
BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

A New Novelet
BY GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "The Queen of the Savannah."

A New Novelet
BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "St. George and the Dragon."

WITH OTHER NOVELETS and SHORT STORIES, by a host of able writers.

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When it is considered that the yearly terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received. And our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

For TERMS see head of editorial column. Sample numbers are sent *gratis* to those desirous of getting up clubs.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LETTERS OF MADAME DE SEVIGNE TO HER DAUGHTER AND FRIENDS. Edited by Mrs. HALE, authoress of "Woman's Record," "Northwood," etc. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada.

THE LETTERS OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU. Edited by Mrs. HALE, authoress of "Woman's Record," "Northwood," etc. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada.

THE RED COURT FARM. A New Novel. By Mrs. HENRY WOOD. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. February, 1869. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY. January, 1869. Published by A. Roman & Co., San Francisco. This enterprising magazine is filled, as usual, with first class articles.

THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE, FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. February, 1869. Published by Hurd & Houghton, New York. The Riverside is one of the best juvenile magazines in America—its illustrations being always particularly good.

STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE. January, 1869. Published by Joseph H. Allen, Boston. Horatio Algier, the well-known writer of stories for youth, is one of the principal contributors to this magazine.

OUR SCHOOLDAY VISITOR. February, 1869. Published by Daughaday & Becker, Philada.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH. February, 1869. Published by Miller, Wood & Co., New York.

THE AMERICAN HORTICULTURAL ANNUAL, and THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURAL ANNUAL. For 1869. Both published by Orange Judd & Co., New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott, Philada.

THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST. February, 1869. Published by Orange Judd & Co., New York.

The Bible:

Illustrated by Oriental Usages.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

No. 4.

PRESENTS.

"There is not a present to bring to the Man of God," was Saul's objection when urged by his servant to go and consult the prophet Samuel as to the whereabouts of the missing asses, of which they had been in fruitless search "for three days." In leaving their home they had not anticipated such a visit, nor brought with them either money or valuables to serve as a present worthy the acceptance of a personage of rank; even the provisions, brought for the journey, were exhausted; and there in the wilderness, how should a suitable present be obtained? Yet without it, Saul intuitively felt that his visit would be inappropriate and wanting in due respect.

That a *bribe* was not intended, is evident from their knowledge of the character of the prophet, as clearly revealed in the dialogue that precedes the remark quoted above. Samuel is called "the Man of God," and is spoken of as "an honorable man," and as such, assuredly would not receive either bribe or payment for so small a service as that required of him by Saul. The present was not *extorted*; but was rendered in accordance with long established usage, simply as a recognition of the prophet's title to respect, and a token of reverential homage.

Take another instance, that of Jacob returning to his home, from Gadan-Aram, after his long servitude with Laban; and fearing to meet the brother he had twenty years before defrauded of his birth-right and their father's blessing. He had fled before that brother's threats of vengeance; and though a score of years had intervened, Jacob still dreads the wrath of Esau, more especially that he had now become "a man of power," a warrior and a prince, securely ensconced in his natural fortress of Mount Seir, girt about by sea and mountains, and surrounded by a horde of followers, fierce and hardy like their leader. Was he not one to be feared "by a man of peace" like Jacob, now encumbered with "wives and children, flock, and herds," a great company.

Esau comes out to meet his brother, bringing with him a retinue of "four hundred men," armed, perhaps, with bow and spear, as these "fierce men of the mountains" are at the present day; and Jacob, not understanding the spirit or intent of Esau, would appease him with a *present*—not surely for the intrinsic value of what he has to offer, for during these years that had proved so fruitful to Jacob, Esau had also amassed wealth and power. He, too, had wives and children, servants and followers, flocks and herds—in his own language, he had "enough"—that rare condition of humanity—and he seemed most reluctant to accept anything at his brother's hands.

For Jacob, under these circumstances, to have offered a present to his proud brother, for the value of the gift, or because he deemed him needing or desiring such benefactions, would doubtless have been regarded by Esau as an unwarrantable insult added to the injury already inflicted, and been fiercely resented as such.

But Esau seems readily to have understood the offering of presents, and Jacob's instructions to the bearer thereof, as dictated by the same spirit; and when Jacob's servants said in answer to Esau's inquiries, "these be thy servant, Jacob's, it is a present sent unto my lord Esau"—and "Jacob bowed himself to the ground seven times till he came near to his brother"—both were recognized but as the appropriate homage of a younger to an older brother. This bowing seven times, means, doubtless, that on approaching Esau, Jacob stopped at intervals and bowed, and then advanced and bowed again, until the seventh bow brought him "near to his brother"—a mode of salutation in very general use all over the East, whenever a subject approaches his sovereign; a vassal, his lord; a son, his father; or a younger brother, the elder; where the parties are high in rank or office. Both presents and prostrations we may regard as intended and received, not as a simulation of humility, but as such indications of profound respect as were then, and are still, deemed eminently appropriate among all oriental nations, in the intercourse between the elder son and heir and his younger brothers. The same is true of the terms "servant" and "lord," as applied to the brothers.

An incident in point, occurs to my mind. An American resident at Bangkok, once inquired of the Heir-Apparent, why the side-walks in that magnificent city of gorgeous temples and palaces, were so very narrow that only one person could pass at a time. The Prince replied, with an air of immeasurable surprise, "Why! this is a strange query from one who has lived three years in the royal city, and who ought by this time to understand the etiquette of the country. Is it possible that you have yet to learn that *there are no two men of equal rank in the kingdom.* This being the case, of course no two can walk side by side—and consequently, we have no use for broad pavements." This is almost literally true of every oriental nation; from the king seated in state and luxury on his throne of purest gold, and who, when he moves from place to place even within his own palace, is borne aloft in his gilded sedan chair on the shoulders of eight of the highest nobles of the realm, and with as much care and tenderness as if he were some fragile flower, the beauty of whose downy petals would be marred by the slightest touch—who is addressed by the fawning sycophants that surround him, by such titles as "Lord of Life," "King of Heaven," "Dread Disposer of Destinies," "Sacred Dweller on High," "Holder of the Universal Sceptre," and various others equally absurd and blasphemous—down to the lowest menial that cringes and creeps as a worm of the dust about the palace court-yards, or the wretched pauper who grovels in filth and wretchedness at the rich man's gate—you can scarcely find one who does not claim deference from another lower than himself.

Brothers, the offspring of the same parents, take precedence according to age, the elder receiving in all the minute details of daily life the most deferential respect from the younger; and the same is true of the corps of domestics belonging to one household, the head cook being always purveyor and general superintendent of the whole *menage*, having the privilege of selecting new servants or dismissing old ones, assigning to each his respective duties, &c., though in all, of course, subject to the direction of his owner or employer. The very languages exhibit this genius for gradation in rank—the personal pronouns are varied according to the relative positions of the person speaking, and those to whom and of whom he speaks; and in giving the names of the different parts of the body of a king or priest, the words used would be entirely different from those applied to the body of a man of lower rank—so of eating, drinking, sleeping, and in fact of everything. There was, therefore, nothing exaggerated or unusual in the conduct and language of Jacob—these and the presents being the legitimate expression of the respect an elder brother had a right to demand from the younger.

When the venerable patriarch in his old age would send his sons the second time to Egypt to buy corn, and they refused to go without their younger brother, because of the prohibition of the great man to appear without Benjamin, the sorrowing father says: "If it must be so, now do this, take of the best fruits of the land in your vessels, and carry down the man a *present*, a little balm, and a little honey, spices and myrrh, nuts and almonds." He could hardly have supposed that the lordly ruler of the richest nation in the world, the man second in rank to the king on his throne, and who surrounded by all the pomp and magnificence of royalty, was dispensing food to his starving neighbors—could need or would value the few trifles he in his impoverished condition was able to offer; but the sending of a present was the authorized expression of the homage due to a superior in rank, and he thus as it were, threw himself on the mercy of the great man, whose suppliant he was in behalf of his children. Thus, too, was fulfilled in the only possible way the prophecy contained in Joseph's dream, for the *apparent* arrogance of which he had been reproved even by his indulgent father. Had Jacob and Joseph known each other as *father and son*, the former would not have offered, nor the latter received this homage.

When Ehud the Benjamite desired to gain access to the presence of Eglon, king of Moab, that he might slay the enslaver of his countrymen, the taking of a *present* to the tyrant was the means devised to secure his end. Both king and courtiers recognized the entire appropriateness of these Israelitish vassals bringing in presents to their liege lord, and as the bearer of them, Ehud was readily admitted to "the summer parlor," where "the king sat alone." Yet there is little reason to believe that the rapacity of their conquerors had left anything of real value in the hands of these captive Jews; and the present must have been simply in recognition of vassalage.

So also in the case of Abigail, who after the churlish behavior of Nabal her husband, sought to appease the wrath of her justly-offended sovereign. She came with "a present in her hand," that she might gain access to David, and plead her cause in person; not unaware perhaps of the influence of the charms of a beautiful woman over one of the sterner sex, even though he occupy the lofty position of a king. If such were her thoughts, the sequel proves that she did not over-estimate her attractions.

Of Solomon, it is said that he "exceeded all the kings of the earth for riches and for wisdom," and yet immediately after, in speaking of those who "sought him to hear his wisdom," we are told that "they brought every man his present"—not surely to contribute to his maintenance, or add to his splendor; but in token of reverential homage to earth's grandest potentate, and thus gain admission to the royal presence, and witness, if not partake of the splendor that characterized his court.

When Asa, king of Judah, desired to form a league with Benhadad against the king of Israel, he sent "a present of silver and gold" to Benhadad, reminding him of the friendship that had existed between their fathers, and by them had been transmitted to themselves. Benhadad was undoubtedly far the richer man of the two, but the present seems to have been given and received as a bond of amity between the monarchs.

At a later period, this same Benhadad when he sent his servant Hazael to the prophet Elisha, to inquire concerning his recovery from sickness, said to Hazael, "take a present in thine hand, and go meet the man of God"—thus recognizing the prophet's claim to respect as the messenger of the Supreme Being, in whose hands he well knew lay the issues of life; for he does not say ask the prophet, but "*inquire of the Lord* by him."

So when the wicked Ahaz would propitiate the favor of the king of Assyria, "he took the silver and gold that was found in the house of the Lord, and in the treasures of the king's house, and sent it for a present to the king of Assyria." And the king of Assyria regarded it as "conspiracy" against himself, that Hosea had refrained from bringing him a present, "as he had done year by year," in acknowledgment of vassalage.

The same subtle tyrant would have persuaded Hezekiah to "make an agreement by a present" with him, but without success.

This custom is strikingly alluded to by the sweet singer of Israel in the 116th Psalm, when he says, "What shall I render to the Lord?" "I will take the cup of salvation." "I will offer this sacrifice of thanksgiving," &c., and again by the prophet Micah vi. 6, "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord?" Thus figuratively referring to the recognized custom of the East, of not appearing empty-handed in the presence of royalty.

All these cases would seem to indicate that in *Eastern* lands, presents are not bestowed for their intrinsic value; nor as tokens of regard between equals, except in the case of monarchs, where presents are exchanged for the purpose of cementing a league or contract between the parties. Almost invariably presents are sent as the means of gaining admission to a great man's presence, as a sort of tribute to his rank or office, and occasionally to secure political favors. So very little are these presents valued by the wealthy monarchs of the East, that in most cases, only a catalogue of their names and value is read before the king, by his private secretary, while the presents themselves never meet his eye, but are distributed either in the harem, or among the subordinates of the palace—the only exception being in favor of any *foreign* or curious object that may chance to excite the interest of the monarch, when he commands it to be brought into the royal presence. In such cases it is sometimes very amusing to witness the curiosity they manifest, and hear their strange questions and remarks. For so utterly destitute of novelty or excitement is the hum-drum life of an oriental sovereign, cated as it is with pomp and luxury, that I have seen more than one of them thrown into ecstacies at the sight of some simple piece of *foreign* mechanism, simply because it came from a distance. I saw several years ago, at the royal palace of "his serene majesty" of Siam, several old-fashioned cabs and coaches brought from Europe; far less suited for use in those tropical regions than the light and elegant pony-chaises and palanquins of Bengal; but valued above all price by the king, because they were *foreign* and difficult to procure, came from a great distance, and cost an exorbitant sum! The old King of Siam, who died some ten years ago, evinced so much eagerness to inspect the first pair of foreign eye-glasses that he had ever seen, as to prove indisputably that *ladies* are not the *sole monopolists* of the article of curiosity; and when the American ladies first began to attend his levees, he showed as great anxiety to examine their dresses and ornaments as does a child to obtain possession of the last new toy. And when one of his fair visitors presented him with a silver fruit knife, the stout old man of seventy forgot alike his pomposity and his infirmities, and clapped his hands with quite as much of juvenile *empressement* as ever did boyish knight at the sight of his first riding-horse or miniature spurs.

But as before said, these are the exceptions—not the general rule—by far the larger proportion of the "gifts laid at the foot of the throne" never even meeting the sovereign's eye. It is enough that the requirements of royal etiquette have been met, and his authority acknowledged by the bestowal of *suitable presents*—and there, so far as he is concerned, the matter ends.

When a friendly visit is made to a king, by special invitation from himself, it is considered indecorous to offer anything in the form of a present—it is then the *monarch's* turn to bestow gifts on his guests, which he sometimes does most munificently, especially on his favorites. But when an audience is sought by an individual for his own purposes, he may not come empty-handed into the presence of royalty; and if he have a boon to crave, the present must always be in proportion to the favor sought. Not that he may *purchase* the favor of a sovereign, but from the Oriental idea that none should approach so exalted a personage without either a direct permission from himself to do so, or something to propitiate his favor, and atone for the liberty taken of approaching unbidden "The Serene Beauty of the Royal Palace." This is but a modification of the same principle that made it death for any to enter the presence of the monarch of ancient Persia, unless the golden sceptre was held out to bid the supplicant approach, as in the case of Queen Esther. The sovereign may or may not be a despot; of an avaricious, grasping disposition or the reverse; but the requisition is the same in both cases. Ambassadors who have treaties pending, or other government matters to arrange, must bring a fresh present every time they seek an audience, nor is it possible to secure the latter, without first sending in the former.

One of the United States Embassadors, who visited Bangkok some years ago, being unacquainted with this peculiar feature of Oriental court etiquette, sent in, at his *first* visit, *all* the presents that were intended for his Siamese Majesty, consisting of several valuable gold watches, a massive silver fruit service and decanter stands to match, some elegant naval uniforms, swords, flags, &c.

On entering the audience chamber the next day, presents were again called for, and the minister had to inform the officer in attendance that he had sent in *all* the previous day, and that he had now nothing more to offer. But all remonstrance was vain; the impracticable ushers would not stir a foot, declaring that it would be perfectly sacrilegious for them to interfere with the requirements of court etiquette—that they durst not venture to convey any message to their royal master, and that it would be useless even if they were disposed to brave the danger, for that *without presents* it was utterly impossible for any mortal to obtain access to his august presence. Wearied out with their persistence, and annoyed beyond measure at this awkward dilemma, the Embassador at last bethought him of an expedient, which might at once meet the difficulty, and shame the rapacity of the extortionists. So he called in an attendant who was carrying for him a bag containing five hundred dollars, with which he intended to make some purchases after the morning audience was over. This money was in *silver*, as neither bank notes nor checks are in vogue at the Siamese capital—so borrowing a Siamese salver for the occasion, he counted into it one hundred Spanish dollars, and sent them in before him as his present to the king. The thought of anything like irony, or turning "his serene majesty's" requisitions into burlesque, probably never entered the minds of these thick headed officials, and the present of Spanish dollars was as regularly reported, and as coolly assented to, as any other would have been; nor did it seem to occur to this haughty potentate that it was at all derogatory to the dignity of the chief ruler of a powerful and wealthy nation, to accept a present of *money*, when his own income was so enormous that his treasures of gold and silver were not counted, but *weighed in huge bags*, and stowed in immense stone buildings erected for the purpose.

F. R. F.

☞ A Southern journal, addressing the young men of the South respecting the agricultural prospects of that section, uses the following language: "Lands in middle Georgia which, properly managed, will bring the cultivator at present prices $100 per acre per year, and a good deal more with first-rate farming, may be had for two, three, four to ten dollars an acre, and the demand for them is light. Here, in this very best of all regions on the face of the earth for the production of upland cotton, the price of an acre of land is about one-twentieth of the value of its annual crop product.

☞ Never confide in a young man; new pails leak. Never tell your secrets to the aged; old doors seldom shut closely.

☞ A Cleveland girl of 60 sues a youth of 70 for $5,000 damages to her affections for a breach of promise of marriage.

☞ General Grant is 47, and Mr. Coalfax 46; Andrew Johnson is 61; Mr. Seward 68; General Schofield but 38; Mr. Welles, 67; Mr. McCulloch, 58; Mr. Randall and Mr. Browning, 59; Mr. Wade, the President of the Senate, is 69; Senator Sumner is 58, and Senator Trumbull 56. The members of the House of Representatives are nearly all young men. James Brooks and E. B. Washburne are among the oldest, and are respectively 59 and 58 years of age.

☞ In cold northern countries, by a wise providence of nature, the mountains are clad in "firs."

About Proof Reading.

We extract the following items from a very readable article in the London *Bookseller*, entitled "A Reader's Experiences:"

I remember a somewhat ludicrous anecdote related of the late Theodore Hook. In the printing office of Mr. Bentley, brother of the publisher, there was an old compositor who went by the nickname of "Twaddle." In completing a sheet of one of Mr. Hook's novels, the copy was given out in small *takes*, or portions, to each one of which the compositor's name was, as usual, appended. When the proof was sent out to the author, there appeared a line drawn down the margin of a certain page with the word "Twaddle" at the side. Mr. Hook received his proof, read it, and brought it back to the office with the remark that, "though he was not above criticism, he did not think the Reader was quite the man to make it." Mr. Bentley sent for the Reader, who explained the circumstance to the novelist. Mr. Hook heard him patiently, but was by no means satisfied with the explanation offered. "It is very ingenious of you, Mr. Reader," said he, "to explain away the matter in that fashion. I have read the passage over and over again, and, though it is certainly not very brilliant, I don't think it deserves to be called twaddle!" The Reader protested, and assured him that the man was so called in the office, and offered to send for him to confirm his assertion. But Theodore Hook would not be convinced. "Well, well," he observed, "I shall say no more about it; but don't let it occur again. Twaddle, indeed!" * * *

Lord Brougham was one of those fast, careless writers. It once happened to me to take to his lordship a manuscript which the compositors and readers had in vain endeavored to translate into sense. I found him busy writing in his chambers, and humbly represented that his manuscript was scarcely as plain as it might be. "Plain!" exclaimed his lordship; "it is illegible! Here, boy, can you write?" I told him I could. "Well, then," said he, "sit down and write what I tell you." And for three hours he walked up and down the room, dictating to me an article which afterwards appeared in a popular magazine. And not a little proud was I of the honor done me. * * *

Thackeray was a very careful writer, putting in all the points necessary to the sense, and leaving nothing to be added by compositor or reader. I was engaged on the *Cornhill* during his so-called editorship, and the number of pages set up and stricken out would scarcely be credited. He was too good-natured to refuse a paper submitted by a friend, and too little of an editor to go through the drudgery of reading articles in manuscript, generally confining himself to the composition of his own papers, to some of which he occasionally failed to give titles till they came to him in proofs. In one case, I recollect, the compositors, when called upon to "charge their lines," being puzzled what to name an article so sent in, one suggested "A Tale Without a Name," but at last they agreed to call it "The Ravings of a Madman." When, however, they learned the fact that the article was from the pen of Thackeray, they saw with others' eyes, and discovered beauties in what they had previously considered incoherent nonsense!

Old Drinking Habits.

There is a story told in the People's Journal which gives a good idea of the drinking style of the last century, and which ought not to be overlooked. This was what our grandfathers took for humor. The Lord Panmure here spoken of was, I believe, the father of the present Lord Dalhousie. "Two young English noblemen were paying a visit to Lord Panmure at Brechin Castle. One day he wrote a letter to Panlathie, a tenant of his, to come and dine with him, and at the same time he ordered him to bring a sum of money. Panlathie was aware when he got that order that something was to be done. After dinner, Lord Panmure gave the first toast, which was 'All hats in the fire, or £20 on the table.' Four hats were immediately in the fire. One of the English noblemen gave the next toast, 'All coats in the fire, or £50 on the table.' Four coats were committed to the flames. The other English gentleman gave the next toast, 'All boots in the fire, or £100 on the table.' The whole of the boots were committed to the flames. Panlathie's toast came next, which was, '*Two fore-teeth* in the fire, or £200 on the table,' when Panlathie pulled his teeth out and threw them in the fire. The English noblemen looked amazed. He had ivory teeth unknown to them, and Panlathie went home without hat, coat, or boots, but he had £600 in his pocket. Lord Panmure thought much of his tenant after that."

A New Disease.

I see that the French claim to have discovered, or, at any rate, to have defined, a new disease, to which they have given the name *La Crampe des Ecrivains*, or Scribblers' Cramp. But this has long been known to our own English doctors; and I who write these lines, went some eighteen months since to one of the most eminent surgeons in England, to consult him as to a certain contraction of muscles in the thumb and forefinger of my right hand, that made me powerless to guide a pen. Said the surgeon, "You have got Writer's Cramp." I had never heard of the term; but he explained to me that it was well known, and unfortunately, too common, and that he had then under his care a clerk who wrote for lawyers, and who was totally incapacitated by Writer's Cramp, for providing for himself and a large family. The French say that their Scribblers' Cramp arises from the use of steel pens; to which, I say, with Mr. Burchell in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, "Fudge!" They will find that the same effect may be caused by the use of the gray goose quill.

☞ The Woman's Suffrage Convention, at Washington, has been happily followed by a Universal Peace Convention.

☞ "Not guilty," said an Omaha jury, "but if the prisoner is smart, he will leave the territory before night." He left.

☞ Gen. Grant, though an old soldier, is not in favor of balls, and is more fond of making the enemy dance than of tripping on the light fantastic toe himself. It is difficult to say why it should be so, but men of ability are seldom good dancers.

☞ St. Petersburg is to have a novelty—a locomotive on ice. The only difference between the new engines and cars and those now in use, will be that the wheels will be made very broad, and so constructed as to bite the ice. If the new plan can be made to work, the results will be very valuable to the trade of Russia.

The London Stock Exchange.

Mr. James Greenwood thus discourses concerning the London Stock Exchange:—"Speedily you discover that slang of a certain sort is as familiar in the mouth of the Stock Exchange broker as of the Whitechapel costermonger. He has a cant abbreviation for the name of almost every article he deals in. Metropolitan Railway shares are 'Met,' 'Caledonian,' 'Caly,' and branches of main lines are called 'Babies.' Thus, South Eastern Extension shares are known as South East 'Babies,' or 'Babes.' There is a sheep loan effected on behalf of the Prince of Roumania, in Turkey; this has been dubbed the 'mutton.'

"Beside these might be quoted a dozen instances, and very interesting it is, though somewhat deafening, to listen to the clamor studded with these strange phrases. They do not mince the matter, these gentlemen of the Stock Exchange. They may wear superfine broadcloth and spotless neckties, but they go at their work with the heartiness of barrow-men. This is no exaggeration. I never saw anything comparable to it excepting the betting-ring at Epsom ten minutes before the 'big event.' The uproar is of an exactly similar sort, only instead of 'I'll bet,' the universal cry is 'I'll buy,' or 'I'll sell!' And the funniest part of the whole thing appears, that among the host of dealers hawking their goods till they are hoarse, and perspiration conquers the rigidity of their shirt-collars, there is seen nothing that may be bought or bargained for. 'I'll buy mutton! I'll buy Mets! Mets! Mets! I'll buy 'em!' One old gentleman is shouting out with a voice that a Newgate salesman might envy, 'I'll buy Turks!' Another jobber is bawling, elbowing his way through the press, and looking as fierce as any bidder at a slave-sale, 'Egypt Nines! Turkey Fives! Turkey Fives! Turkey Fives!' 'I'll buy mutton!' 'I'll sell Babies!' 'I'll sell Met Babies!' yells a gray-haired monster, old enough to be a great-grandfather. 'I'll buy 'em!' cries an ogre with a dandy moustache and a white hat, and forthwith he plunges madly into the mob to discover the seller of babies and clinch a bargain with him."

Parrots.

A parrot belonging to some friends of mine was generally taken out of the room when the family assembled for prayers, for fear lest he might join irreverently in the responses. One evening, however, his presence happened to be unnoticed, and, for some time, he maintained a decorous silence; but, at length, instead of "Amen," out he came with "Cheer, boys, cheer!" On this the butler was directed to remove him, and had got as far as the door, when the bird, perhaps thinking that he had committed himself, and had better apologize, called out, "Sorry I spoke!"

The parrot of a relation of mine also used, whenever he dropped anything he was eating, to say, "Pick up Bobby's crust;" being doubtless prompted by the same train of associations as those which led another parrot, which I knew well, invariably to say "Thank you" whenever anything is given to him.

Some parrot-fanciers had agreed to meet in a year's time, when each was to show a bird for a prize—proficiency in talking to be the great criterion of merit. On the day appointed all the rest came, each duly bringing his parrot. Only one appeared without his, saying that he was such a stupid bird he was quite ashamed to bring him. This excuse was held to be inadmissible, and his master accordingly went off for and returned with him. No sooner was he introduced than, looking round at the large assembly of birds, he exclaimed, "My stars! what a lot of parrots!" The prize was immediately voted to him by acclamation.

☞ SPAIN.—It is stated that the members of the Provisional Government are unanimously in favor of the Duke of Montpensier for the Spanish throne.

☞ BRAZIL.—Details of news from Rio Janeiro, show that the success of the allied powers in Paraguay, was most complete. All the Paraguayan forts are in their hands, and they have, captured the artillery and baggage of Lopez's army, and 2,000 prisoners. Lopez was a fugitive in the forests, surrounded by allied troops.

☞ The body of William Penn lies in a little church-yard, scarcely twenty miles from London. The church and surroundings nestle in a deep gorge among the Chiltern Hills, in Buckinghamshire. The grave is enclosed in a little square of hedge, and no marble or other ornaments mark the spot.

☞ In some countries, earthquakes of greater or less intensity occur almost daily. At Lima, in Peru, an average of forty-five shocks may be expected yearly; and in Chili sixty-one have been noted in a single year.

☞ Mrs. Erastus Corning deposited $22 in a savings bank in 1833, and forgot all about it until a week ago, when she drew her deposit and its proceeds, amounting to $723.11.

☞ The Rochester Chronicle expresses the belief that when Boston gets its 21,000 musicians together and hears the noise at the great Peace Jubilee, the universal sentiment at the Hub will be, "Let us have peace!"

☞ At a recent ball at the Tuileries the guests consumed ten thousand ices, fifteen hundred glasses of punch, six thousand of sherbet, four or five hundred chickens, eight hundred bottles of champagne, and fifteen hundred bottles claret.

☞ Next to ill health, according to the recent report of the Director of the Indiana Asylum for the Insane, the principal causes of insanity in the West are domestic troubles and religious excitement.

☞ At Park Street Church, Boston, last Sunday, the minister asked the Lord in his prayer to "bless those middle-aged females in the congregation whose youthful hopes had been disappointed."

☞ The Grecian bend has reached California, but there it is called the Pacific slope.

☞ Vigilance Committees have been organized in two wards of New York city, to keep under surveillance the more notorious thieves and murderers of the respective localities. The associations, it is stated, intend to adopt the course pursued in San Francisco, in case any terrible crime like that of the recent assassination of Mr. Rogers should occur again.

☞ It is reported from Greenwich Observatory that there is reason to believe that Berenice's Hair is false. Nothing surprises us now.—*London Punch.*

☞ The following advertisement weekly appeared in the London Athenæum: "Sensation Writer to Let.—A literary gentleman with a river of imagination running to waste, and 'power' to drive the machinery of a sensation story, wishes work for his pen. Address U. Crash."

The Cost of Living.

The Oneida Community, Wallingford, (Connecticut) branch, has published a report of its financial operations in 1868, giving the amount of the receipts at $110,881, of which 107,752 was derived from the profit of manufacturing. The expenditures were $55,249, of which $42,533 were for cost of maintaining the families. The account for food was $15,877, larger in 1868 than in 1867. The balance of profit on the general account was $55,583. The cost of living per week for each member, in 1867, was—Food, $1 83; clothing, 84c.; total, $2 72. In 1868—Food, $2 44; clothing, 82c.; total, $3 26. The increased cost of food in 1868, it is stated, was due to the larger use of fruit, the price being estimated at the high market rates of that section. But the total average expenses of each individual in the community, covering every incidental, was $4 83 a week, which is reported to be an astonishingly low price when, as is asserted, so far as table and domestic comforts go, probably no people in the world live better than these communists live.

GAS.—A lecturer in Philadelphia recently said:

"Our earth bears every proof of what has been a mass of gases or vapors of gases. We have reason to believe that all these innumerable bright stars which shine out on a clear night, the sun, the comets, and planets, have all been, and many of them still are, in a gaseous condition, a mass of gas, of vapors, and that the work of condensation is going on to-day in various portions of the heavens, so that the work of condensation upon the surface of our own planet has not yet ceased."

True as gospel. We have always thought as much when reading about Train, and Pratt, the great American traveller, and all that class of men. They have not been "condensed" yet.—*N. Y. Atlas.*

ANECDOTE OF LAMARTINE.—Madame Audouard tells this story of Lamartine, and his visit to the cedars of Lebanon: "These cedars," says Lamartine, "are grand and impressive; they tower above the centuries; they know history better than history knows herself; they astonish the people of Lebanon." On reaching the spot, Madam Audouard saw what seemed a group of dwarfed and worn out trees, of no beauty or majesty whatever. Her guide asked her if he should carve her name with that of Lamartine. She asked if he had accompanied the poet on his visit to the spot? "Accompanied him! No; for he never came here. He sent me to carve his name, while he remained in Beyrout, as every body else does."

☞ The New York Herald pays that city the following compliment:—"If a man is entrusted with money to carry from one city to another, he takes New York in his way and sends word to the owner of the money that he had his pocket picked or his room robbed in his hotel. We are so bad here that anything may be true of us, and the owner of the money believes the story. This has been tried twice within a week."

☞ Mrs. General Grant is said to have the smallest foot of any lady in Washington.

☞ Florida has eighteen million acres of land subject to location under the homestead act.

☞ A swain named Wise, having married a damsel named Martha Cheevis, the village poet celebrated the event in the following:

"At length she seized the proffered prize,
A happy one believe us;
For matrimony made her wise:—
Before she was Miss Cheevis."

☞ There are three hundred and eighty-five churches in the city of Philadelphia. No other large city in our country has as great a number in proportion to the population.

☞ The late Rev. Phineas Stowe sent one of the most novel telegrams ever transmitted between New York and Boston. It was in these words:—"My dear daughter—Is it possible that you cannot give your heart to the Lord Jesus Christ?"

☞ Many of our city tradesmen having signs in their windows, "Selling at less than cost," and others of a similar nature, one more enterprising trader has outdone them by the following: "Selling at cost—and more too."

☞ Oranges have been selling in Philadelphia for 20 cents a dozen. A capital thing for the health of the city in the winter season, when vegetables are scarce.

☞ Walter L. Newbury, of Chicago, who died on board the Persia, last month, while on his way to join his family in Paris, went to Chicago in 1833, and purchased at an early day, among other property, forty acres of land, on either side of North Wells street, which he persistently retained possession of to the time of his death. This property cost him $1,100, and is now worth $3,500,000. And this is only a part of his vast estate. He was formerly a resident of Oneida county, and was a poor boy when he went to Chicago.

☞ Minnesota farmers are raising live fences. They use cottonwood, gray willow, white maple, black oak and wild plum. From three to five years are sufficient to raise a living fence, to protect the fields from stock.

☞ Eve was the only woman who never threatened to go and live with her mamma; and Adam was the only man who never tantalized his wife about "the way mother used to cook."

☞ Congress has passed a resolve not to give the remaining acres of our public domain to Pacific Railroad millionaires. An evidence of returning reason and honesty on the part of our public servants, if they only hold to it.

☞ The hare lives 10 years, the cat 10, the goat 8, the donkey 30, the sheep 10, the dog 14 to 20, the ox 29, the cow 25, the pigeon 8, the turtle dove 25, the partridge 25, the raven 100, the eagle 100, the goose 150.

☞ A woman's heart, like the moon, should only have one man in it.

☞ Prize fights occur weekly in some part of the country where the law says they shall not occur, and railroad companies, whose directors are judges, parsons, deacons, and legislators, run extra trains to the places of combat.

☞ A Philadelphia surgeon, who was on his way to perform an operation on a patient, had his carriage robbed and lost his surgical instruments while making a temporary stop, "whereby," adds the reporter, "the operation was prevented and the patient's life saved."

☞ When men love in earnest, they make a business of it. In such cases it is not business before pleasure, but with it. For thrilling particulars inquire of those who have been there.

PLANETARY WORLDS.—The whole number of primary planets now recognized in the solar system is *one hundred and fourteen*. Of this number only six were known prior to the year 1781, when Sir William Herschel, like another Columbus, burst through the heavenly inclosures and discovered the remote planet Uranus, adding the first new string to the old "Lyre of Heaven." The unwearied industry of astronomers, and the powerful aid of the telescope, have brought to the knowledge of the world one hundred and seven planets since the discovery of Uranus. Every American must fell a pride in the fact, as he casts his eyes over the list of the discoverers, that nearly one-fifth of these telescopic planets was discovered in the United States.

THE DATE.—There is no fruit that can be eaten so constantly, nor with so much impunity, as the date. It is like bread, and is bread to whole nations of Orientals. And what a delicious bread, baked by the sun, and showered in profusion upon the earth, to be gathered and laid up for the future, either dry or in huge corbels, or pressed into a conserve, which, when cut into slices, looks and eats like plum pudding. Immense quantities of this conserve are imported from Egypt and Arabia, into all the neighboring countries, where it is much prized, especially in the harems, where the women and children may almost be said to eat it incessantly.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There has been more doing. Sales 8000 bbls at $5@5.50 for superfine; $6@6.50 for extra; $7@7.75 for Northwestern extra family; $7.50@9.50 for Penna extra family; $9@10.50 for Ohio extra family, and $11@13 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour is selling at $7@7.75 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—There is very little demand for Wheat; 90,000 bus of red sold at $1.50@1.75; 10,000 bus of amber at $1.60@2, and small lots of white at $2.10@2.20 ₩ bus, according to quality. Rye—3000 bus of Penna and Western sold at $1.60@1.62 ₩ bus. Corn—23,000 bus of new yellow sold at 88@91c, as to condition, and 3000 bus of white at 82@85c. Oats—Sales comprise about 40,000 bus, at 73@75c for Western, and 60@75c for light Penna and Southern.

PROVISIONS—There has been a fair business doing. Sales of Mess Pork at $21.50@22. Mess Beef sells at $22@23.50 for city packed. Dressed Hogs sell at $12.50@13. Bacon; sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 18@19c; Excelsior Hams at 20c; Sides at 17@18c; Shoulders at 13c. Green Meats; sales of 1100 tcs pickled Hams at 18@18½c, and Shoulders at 13½@14c. Lard; sales of 1000 bbls and tcs Western at 20½@21c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter; sales of solid packed at 30@35c, and prime Western and Penna at 40@45c. Cheese; sales of prime factory at 20@21c. Eggs sell at 20@23c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been dull. About 900 bales of middlings sold at 29@30c for Uplands, and 29@31c for New Orleans.

BARK—20 hhds No 1 Quercitron sold at $45 ₩ ton.

FRUIT—Green Apples are selling at $3@5 ₩ bbl. Dried Fruit—Sales of Apples at 8@11c, and 40,000 lbs of Peaches at 17@17½c for halves, 12½@13½c for quarters, and 19@22c ₩ lb for pared.

IRON—In Pig Metal there is very little doing. Sales of No 1 Anthracite at $38@41, and No 2 at $35. Scotch Pig sells at $42.50@43 ₩ ton, and Forge at $24@25 ₩ ton. Manufactured Iron commands $82.50@85 ₩ ton for Bars.

SEEDS—1200 bus Cloverseed sold at $8.75@9.25, according to quality. Timothy we quote at $4.75@5. Flaxseed is selling at $2.60@2.65 ₩ bus.

WOOL—There is more doing. Sales of 240,000 lbs at 52½c for extra; 51c for fine; 50c for one-half blood; 48c for one-quarter blood; 45@47c for common; 62@65c for tub; 75@77c for unwashed, and 45@50c for pulled, as to quality.

Burnett's Extract of Vanilla is unadulterated, highly concentrated, and free from Tonka Bean.

☞ A clergyman and one of the elderly parishioners were walking home from meeting one frosty day, when the old gentleman slipped and fell upon his back. The minister, on being assured that he was not hurt, said to him: "My friend, sinners stand on slippery places." The old gentleman looked up, as if to assure himself of the fact, and replied: "Yes, I see they do; but I can't."

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1700 head. The prices realized from 9½@10 cts ₩ lb. 125 Cows brought from $40 to 65 ₩ head. Sheep—6000 head were disposed of at from 6@8c ₩ lb. 5000 Hogs sold at from $15.50 to 16.00 ₩ 100 lbs.

☞ The Mormons, in twenty years, have built up 80 towns, 100 churches, and 120 school-houses. During that period the emigration from Europe has been 80,000, and from the old states 24,000.

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions, PAIN, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CHAPPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar8-cowtf

☞ Eggs are preserved on a large scale in Paris by placing in wire baskets a dozen at a time, and immersing them for about a minute in boiling water. A thin layer of the egg coagulates on the inner surface of the shell, forming a film impermeable to air.

B. T. BABBITT'S ARTICLES OF EVERY DAY USE.
Family and *Toilet Soaps.* The very best.
Soap Powder. The great labor-saving compound.
Concentrated Potash. The ready soapmaker.
Saleratus, warranted *pure* and *unadulterated.*
Super Carb. Soda and *Star Yeast Powder* of superior quality.
Lion Coffee, guaranteed pure, and in flavor unsurpassed.
For sale by Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia, and at the manufactory, Nos. 64, 66, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, and 43 and 44 West street, New York. B. T. BABBITT. feb6-1y

☞ No man, woman or child has acquired a good education who has not learned to say No!

The Bowen Microscope,
Magnifying 500 *times*, *mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, Box 230, Boston, Mass. ja23-tf

☞ A graveyard near Philadelphia contains a headstone with this epitaph:—

In memory of
HENRY WANG,
Son of his Father and Mother
JOHN and MARIA WANG,
Died Dec. 31, 1829,
AGED ½ HOUR.
The first deposit in this yard.

"A short-lived joy
Was our little boy.
He has gone on high,
So don't cry."

The Inclement Season,

And its effects on the Weak and Feeble.

The drafts which searching cold makes upon the vital powers of the debilitated and delicate are not less severe than the drain upon their strength caused by excessive heat. The vast disparity between the temperature of over-heated rooms and offices, at this season, and the frigidity of the outer air, is a truthful source of sickness. To fortify the body against the evil consequences of the sudden alternations of heat and cold referred to, the vital organization should be strengthened and endowed with extra resistant power by the use of a wholesome invigorant; and, of all preparations for this purpose, (whether embraced in the regular pharmacopœia, or advertised in the public journals,) there is none that will compare in purity and excellence with HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. Acting directly upon the organ which converts the food into the fuel of life, the preparation imparts to it a tone and vigor which is communicated to every fibre of the frame. The digestive function being accelerated by its tonic operation, the liver regulated by its anti-bilious properties, and the waste matter of the system carried off punctually by its mild aperient action, the whole organization will necessarily be in the best possible condition to meet the shocks of winter and the sudden changes of temperature. The weak and sensitive, especially, cannot encounter these vicissitudes with safety, unless their tender systems are strengthened and braced by artificial means. Every liquor sold as a staple of trade is adulterated, and, were it otherwise, mere alcohol is simply a temporary excitant, which, when its first effects have subsided, leaves the physical powers (and the mind as well,) in a worse condition than before. HOSTETTER'S BITTERS, on the other hand, contain the essential properties of the most valuable tonic and alterative roots, barks and herbs, and their active principal is the mellowest, least exciting, and most inocuous of all diffusive stimulants. feb6-4t

☞ A SOLEMN THOUGHT.—When we look abroad over the great potato-patch of the world, we see innumerable hills filled to overflowing with the very smallest kind of "taters," and a feeling of sadness comes over us at the thought that they will never be any bigger.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT is the only certain cure for sores and ulcers arising from youth's indiscretion; such sufferers will do well to try this great cleanser; disease cannot live when it is used. Sold at the Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

☞ We have ever found that blacksmiths are more or less given to vice. Carpenters, for the most part speak plainly, but they will chisel when they get a chance. Not unfrequently they are bores, and often annoy one with their old saws.

HUNT'S COURT TOILET POWDER is superior to any other for whitening the skin. It does not rub off or injure the complexion. No lady should be without this justly celebrated requisite for the toilet. The sale for the last eight years has been unparalleled. Price 50 cents. Sold everywhere. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

Hunt's Bloom of Roses.
A delicate color for the cheeks or lips, does not wash off, and warranted not to injure the skin, can only be removed with vinegar, and cannot be detected with a microscope. It remains permanent for years, and can in no manner be discovered from the natural flush of health, and excites universal admiration. Price $1. Sent by mail for $1.13. T. W. EVANS, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

☞ RITUALISM.—The highest law court in England has decided against Ritualism, and the main point made in the decision is this: By the Act of Uniformity (temp. Eliz.,) the supreme law of the Church of England "prohibits any rite, ceremony, order, or form, which is not mentioned in the prayer-book, and declares void all prior usages and ordinances."

No Hospitals, in Europe or America,
Have as many patients as Dr. Wolcott, 170 Chatham Square, N. Y., where all can test, free of cost, Wolcott's ANNIHILATOR, for Catarrh, or Wolcott's PAIN PAINT for the immediate removal of all pain, and certain cure of diseases. Buy none unless in white wrappers. jan30-4t

☞ The town of Wells, Vermont, has a citizen who married at 17. His first child was a daughter, who married at 13, and eighteen months afterward made her father a grandfather, at the early age of thirty-one and a half years.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 21st of Jan., by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. CORNELIUS MESSLOH to Miss EUNICE BUCKLEW, both of Imlaystown, N. J.

On the 21st of Jan., by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. FREDERICK A. OLWAN to Miss FANNY B. VANHOLT, both of this city.

On the 3d of Jan., by the Rev. J. Spencer Kennard, Mr. EDWARD M. WILLIAMS to Miss MARY B. STEWART, both of this city.

On the 1st of Dec., by the Rev. G. A. Durborow, Mr. G. W. THOMAS to Miss REBECCA W. JENNINGS, both of this city.

On the 30th of July, by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, WILLIAM H. FORD to EMMA V. ACHENS, both of this city.

On the 21st of Jan., by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. W. B. HILL to Miss MATTIE A. SIMPSON, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th of Jan., ANNIE HILLBORN, in her 27th year.

On the 26th of Jan., Mrs. HANNAH GRANT, in her 69th year.

On the 26th of Jan., SAMUEL, son of Samuel and Martha Beatty, aged 25 years.

On the 25th of Jan., MARY, widow of John G. Cromburgar, in her 77th year.

On the 25th of Jan., GEORGE MARKER, Sr., in his 88th year.

On the 25th of Jan., WILLIAM FITZGERALD, aged 55 years.

On the 24th of Jan., WILLIAM ROUCH, in his 67th year.

On the 24th of Jan., Mr. SAMUEL FERRELL, Sr., in his 73d year.

On the 23d of Jan., JONATHAN CAMPBELL, in his 77th year.

SPENT AND MIS-SPENT.

BY ALICE CARY.

Stay yet a little longer in the sky,
Oh golden color of the evening sun!
Let not the sweet day in its sweetness die,
While my day's work is only just begun.

Counting the happy chances strewn about
Thick as the leaves, and saying which was best,
The rosy lights of morning all went out,
And it was burning noon, and time to rest.

Then leaning low upon a piece of shade,
Fringed round with violets and pansies sweet,
My heart and I, I said, will be delayed,
And plan our work while cools the sultry heat.

Deep in the hills, and out of silence vast,
A waterfall played up his silver tune—
My plans lost purpose, fell to dreams at last,
And held me late into the afternoon.

But when the idle pleasure ceased to please,
And I awoke, and not a plan was planned,
Just as a drowning man at what he sees
Catches for life, I caught the thing at hand.

And so life's little work-day hour has all
Been spent, and mis-spent, doing what I could;
And in regrets and efforts to recall
The chance of having, being, what I would.

And so sometimes I cannot choose but cry,
Seeing my late-sown flowers are hardly set—
Oh darkening color of the evening sky,
Spare me the day a little longer yet.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

THE DETECTIVE:

A Tale of the Bush.

I.

I arrived in Melbourne, Australia, in June, 1852, at which time scenes were to be witnessed such as, I believe, were never witnessed in this world before. Not very many months had elapsed since the discovery of the Victorian Gold Fields, but these months had sufficed to crowd the harbor with noble vessels, all of which were almost entirely deserted, and to crowd the city with a collection of vice, of ruffianism, of horrors, beyond all that the most active imagination could have previously conceived. Every third or fourth person you met in the densely packed street was either drunk or nearly so. Every twenty or thirty yards you would meet the Tasmanian felon with his hellish scowl, and the Californian digger with his ready bowie-knife at his belt.

Having lately come from home, where I had been accustomed to associate with the better class, it could hardly be expected that I should at once fathom the depth of villainy contained in the breasts of those by whom I was surrounded, and I fell an easy victim. I was robbed of every penny of available money by the son of a post-captain in the British Navy, whose family and mine had been reared together. He had preceded me by a few years to Australia, and he had certainly taken a first-class in the branch of moral philosophy to which he had restricted his studies from the time of his arrival. I may as well let the reader know one trifling fact about him, ere (as Carlyle says) he vanishes from this history at present—he was hanged in Melbourne a few years after, under a feigned name. "Sic transit fur mundi," said a Trinity College man to me, on the day of the ruffian's execution. "Off he goes, *the thief of the world.*"

While staying at the Royal Hotel, Melbourne, for a few days, waiting for an opportunity to leave for the gold-fields, I was struck by the appearance and manner of a tall young fellow who stayed at the same hotel, and slept in my room, which contained two beds. He was about six feet two, not well filled out, but with bones of enormous size; his wrist was prodigious. It was evident that he had received a superior education, and it was equally evident that he was Irish, although he had apparently associated so much with Englishmen that his accent was greatly modified. His face was like one I had seen before; but, for the life of me, I could not tell when or where. His complexion was dark; he had curly black hair, and a half-dissipated expression was in his voice, gestures, and general appearance. He told me his name was Renwick; "but," said he, with a loud laugh, "of course that is not my real name. None but a fool would give his real name here." "Why not?" said I, "unless a man has done something to disgrace his family." "My dear new chum," he replied, laughing,—"my dear unsophisticated importation, wait a few months, and you'll know why. It's all very well for a man who comes out for a good billet, or is furnished with a saddle-bag full of letters to friends; but a fellow who comes out like me—like me, my boy, with a loose foot and not a stiver, has to turn his hand to everything, and chum with men lower than the lowest fiends of hell. A nice thing for them to know the address of my people at home, isn't it? Fancy a Van-Demonian entering my mother's drawing-room, and hailing me as his mate, with a volley of curses!" He shook his black curly head, laughing as he said this.

He either liked, or affected to like me, very much, and we passed most of our time together. He had been, he said, at the Bathurst diggings, where he had done well; had left them for the more prolific gullies of Victoria, had been up at Forest-hill and Bendigo, and had gained at the latter place an enormous amount of gold. At present he was down "for a spree," but would return in a few days. We went to the theatre together on many occasions, and I noticed that several very bad-looking men spoke to him now and then in a familiar way, but at the same time in a low tone, as though their mutual knowledge was of the furtive kind. I did not like this at all, and I bluntly asked him who these fellows were. "Old mates," my innocent," he replied, gayly. "Mates on the diggings. Lord bless your happy bosom! before this day twelvemonth, you'll be as thick with them as I am." I was dissatisfied, and still more so when, on entering our common bed-room one day, I found him earnestly conversing with a low-browed, ruffianly-looking man. They stopped abruptly as I entered, and then began to speak of the weather, the state of the roads to Bendigo, and so on.

Next day we were walking up Collins street, which was greatly crowded by bustling pedestrians. As we were passing the spot where a magnificent hotel now stands, several people passed between us, separating us about a couple of yards from each other. At that moment I heard a voice on my left say: "That's him, I tell ye. Blood an 'ouns! d'ye think I don't know him?" I turned and saw a hideous, middle-aged, noseless man, speaking to a steady-looking, sharp-eyed person, whose glance was directed *towards* Renwick, although I could not, of course, say it was exactly *to* him. The temporary throng just then allowing us to close up and walk once more side by side, I stole a look at him to see if he had heard the words, and if they had annoyed him. I was sure at once that he was unaffected by them (whether he had heard them or not,) for he preserved the same jaunty, reckless swagger as before, and with a loud laugh called my attention to the antics of a drunken Irishman who was singing and dancing in the middle of the street. Now, unsuspicious as I was by nature, and inexperienced in the extraordinary colonial world by which I was now surrounded, yet I could not help harboring grave suspicions, in consequence of this incident and of others which had preceded, each of them in itself trivial, but, taken collectively, important enough. I could not help fancying that the sharp-eyed man was a detective-officer, and that Renwick was the man alluded to.

That evening we dined together in a private apartment, which had been vacated that day, and he informed me he was going to start for the diggings early next morning. He left before I awoke in the morning, and I was not sorry for it. On looking over the columns of the Argus, at the breakfast-table, I found the following paragraph:—

"BARBAROUS MURDER.—About half-past ten o'clock last night, Mr. and Mrs. Downey, who reside near Collingwood, were greatly alarmed, when retiring to rest, by a loud cry of murder, which seemed to proceed from a point of the road not more than a hundred yards distant. Mr. Downey, with exemplary courage, hastened to the spot, to which he found many individuals speeding, the cry having been heard to a great distance. On arriving at the spot, they discovered a man in the agonies of death, pierced through the body by a large, sharp weapon. The unfortunate man strove frantically to speak; something like 'wick,' or 'vick,' was all that could be heard. The bystanders took him up and bore him to Doctor Walker's, but he expired before they reached the house. Deceased was middle-aged, had strongly-marked features, the entire cartilage of his nose was gone, evidently through disease. An inquest will be held to-day (Tuesday) at Carton's public house, where, it is to be hoped, some light will be thrown on this awful transaction."

The cartilage of his nose was gone! Renwick did not come into his hotel until half-past eleven last night. I shuddered with horror at my connection with him; however, I went to the inquest to make sure of deceased's identity. Yes; there was no doubt of it. There lay the man, stark and stiff, who, as I suspected then, but now knew, pointed out Renwick the day before to—What! As I live and breathe, there, looking *me* through and through, stands, in the inquest room, among the crowd, the very sharp-eyed man I had seen with the deceased! "Constable," said I, to one of the officers, as I was leaving the room, giddily, "who is that person standing next to the man with the tower hat?" "That is Detective Burton, sir, who was sent over from London."

Not having time to write to a neighboring colony for a remittance, I sold a valuable gold watch and chain, and left Melbourne for Bendigo. On the evening of the first day a heavy rain set in; and, as a previous rain had soaked the ground, in twenty-four hours the creeks were "bankers," and the flats were literally lakes, in some places a mile across. I spent one night in a public-house (a flourishing township now surrounds the spot,) where I met a very agreeable companion, who was on his way to the diggings. He was at first reserved, as all responsible men then were; but he became more communicative during the evening. He was going up to purchase gold, which was being sold on some of the gold-fields so low as two pounds seven and sixpence per ounce. His trip was not to exceed in duration two months; at the end of which time he was to return to Melbourne and marry a young lady to whom he had been long engaged. This, and much more, he communicated to me in a comfortable sitting-room, separated from that of the roughs. "Do you travel alone?" I inquired. He looked sharply at me, and replied, "Yes; quite alone. But," he added, hastily, "I carry two revolvers, and I have another protector. Here, Rover!" At this a magnificent Newfoundland dog approached him from a corner of the room. "The best dog in Australasia," said he; "just you pretend to strike me." "No, thanks," I replied, laughing. "You are right," said he, laughing also; "I could tell you queer tales about that dog. But it's time for bed. Good-night."

It rained all that night, and next morning it was some time before I could find my horse, so that my acquaintance had gone off long before I was ready to start. The road, if road it could be called, was fearful. Dead bullocks and dead horses were lying about in all directions. At length I came to a creek which at first made me grow pale. It was rushing along with fearful rapidity, and was at least a quarter of a mile in width, although its proper channel was not more than fifty yards; this, of course, I learnt afterwards. A considerable number of horsemen and foot-travellers was congregated on the near bank, but none wished to venture the passage. I inquired if that were the crossing-place. Yes; a causeway of large, loose stones led across. How broad was this causeway? Oh, about fourteen or fifteen feet. How high was the water over the stones? About up to your chest. But the (something) creek was running so strong that no man or horse could keep his feet.

I dismounted, and cut a pole between eight and nine feet long, and resolutely urged my unwilling horse into the water. He was a very strong beast, but it required all his strength and all my manœuvring skill to take him one-third of the way over. I was beginning to repent my rash proceeding, and to feel dizzy with the constant whirl and rush of waters, when my horse trode clumsily on an ill-bedded stone, stumbled, and in an instant he was off the causeway. I don't think I ever made such a sudden movement in my life. I flung myself off on the weather-side, had my pole planted at an acute angle between the stones, and was breasting the waters on foot, all in one second. I looked around to see what my chances were. Go back? No; the rush of water was greatest in that direction. The only chance lay in advancing, and I *did* advance, the stream nearly chest high. Slowly and cautiously I proceeded, firmly inserting the pole between the stones; nor did I fail in one step, or make one false cast, until I reached the bank, breathless and panting.

As I was pulled up the bank by eager arms, a dismal howl sounded in my ears. On turning round I perceived Rover, his face upturned; and Landseer's inspiration, The Shepherd's Mourner, came rushing to my mind. Within ten yards of me lay my acquaintance of the previous night, ghastly and grim, the dark beard woefully contrasting with the pallor of the dead man's cheek. "Good God!" said I; "how did this happen?" "This morning," was the reply; "his horse slipped off the ford, and swam out safely half a mile down. *Your* horse will be all right, too. Jim, run down the creek and see him out. Do you know him? Poor fellow, he couldn't swim." "I met him only last night. Does no one here know him?" "Oh, yes; his brother was here, took his horse away, and rode off to Mr. Corbet's station to get a coffin made." "His brother?" I said; "was *he* with him?" "Yes. His brother had crossed long before him, and gone on; but he came back, he said, thinking that something was wrong."

I was greatly struck by this information. "What kind of looking man is his brother?" I asked. "Nothing like this poor fellow, who is short, and stout-built. The brother is tall, and rather lanky, with black, curly hair." "Does he ride a chestnut horse with a star in the forehead, and a snip?" "That's the very man," said my informant; "I mean, that's the horse." Nothing more was wanting to convince me that Renwick was the personator of the dead man's brother to obtain possession of his saddle-bags, which I well knew were filled with sovereigns for the purchase of gold-dust. I resolved to go to Mr. Corbet's station, and see if he had called there. Having reached the station, and sent in my card, I was received kindly and politely; and, as I had foreseen, Renwick had not called there. I kept my own counsel, however, merely informing Mr. Corbet of the tragical occurrence. He told me he would hold a magisterial investigation, and see the body decently interred; so, after a cordial good-bye, I proceeded on my upward journey.

II.

I need hardly say that the years '52 and '53 formed the Augustan era of bush-ranging, the first year especially, as the gold-escort was not yet properly organized, and the robber was altogether sure of plunder from the return stream of diggers, and even from the better mounted travellers going upwards, most of whom carried sovereigns. I was destined not to reach Bendigo without gaining a little personal experience of bushrangers' amenities, which made a strong impression on me at the time.

One afternoon, I was walking my horse along a portion of the road which was cut through a dense scrub; the numerous stumps made it dangerous ground for cantering. I was thinking of dear ones far away, when a horseman, masked, presented himself before me, and cried out loudly: "Bail up!" He held a revolver, which covered me true. I let the reins fall, and held up my hands, for I had emptied my revolver an hour before in shooting at some wood-ducks. He rode forward to me, took my revolver out of its pouch, and then pointed to a somewhat open place in the scrub. "Ride on there," he said; "one movement to right or left, and you're a dead man." We proceeded through the scrub about a mile, when we emerged into an open space upon a ridge. There I saw three men, likewise masked, and three others, evidently prisoners. "Take charge of this cove, Tom," said my captor. One of the masked men came forward, and held my horse while I dismounted. He then kept guard over me with a pistol. The two others in the meanwhile were searching the swags of the captives. Two of them were young men in diggers' garments, as I knew from the clay that encrusted them. One wept piteously when he saw his bag of gold triumphantly held up by a searcher; the other was a cur, who kept up an unceasing prayer to spare his life. "Take everything, mates; but don't kill me! oh, spare my life!" The third was an old man, and his turn soon came. They searched in vain for gold in his blankets, and on his person. "By G—, Tom, he has planted it!" exclaimed one. "I did not, I swear to you," said the old man. "I sent it all away by my son, a week ago." "Have you nothing about you?" inquired the other; "nothing whatever?" "I call God to witness," replied the old man, "that the half-sovereign in my trowsers pocket is all I have between this and Melbourne." A deep execration from the ruffian followed this speech. "Hold up your hands, you old impostor," he shouted. The old man obeyed. The bushranger snatched up a carabine, and fired a ball through the old man's hands as they were joined together palm to palm.

The shriek of the maimed being maddened me. "By the Lord of Heaven!" I exclaimed, "you shall be hanged for this." The villain turned, made a rush at me, and that moment would have been my last, had his hat not come in contact with a branch, which knocked it off, together with his mask. What was my astonishment in recognizing the low-browed miscreant whom I had seen in my bed-room with Renwick. "I know you," I exclaimed, utterly reckless; "I saw you in the Royal Hotel with—" but before I could pronounce the name, he had bounded to my side with the spring of a leopard, and had clapped his hand over my mouth. His words when he addressed me came hissing through his clenched teeth. "One word from your lips, except to answer me, and I will scatter your brains over these bushes. Does he know you are here, on the road?" "He does. And I know that *he* is on the road," He grew pale, either with fear or passion. "Stand quiet there," he said, after a pause. "Come with me, mates; lead his horse away from him, Mat." They withdrew about twenty yards, still watching our movements, but holding an animated conversation. At length they all approached me. "We have resolved to let you off," said my last assailant, "on condition that you never breathe a word, at least, for years, about what has occurred this day. It would be wiser to quiet you at once; but you are a swell, and we think you'll keep your promise."

I had become so excited that it was with difficulty I could reason on this offer; but the thought that the happiness and welfare of others were bound up with my existence could not fail to produce the natural effect. It was well I came to a conclusion soon, for I am now convinced, from the movements of two of the party, and from what I heard long after, that I was close upon my last moment. I made the promise, and was allowed to depart without the loss of anything. I looked back to see if the other prisoners were permitted to go; but they were still surrounded by the bushrangers; so, in order to reach the end of my stage before nightfall, I rode sharply away.

Renwick! Here he was cropping up again, then. With what loathing I contemplated all that had passed between us. Good Heavens! was it possible that I should have for many days associated intimately with a murderer? with a leader of bushrangers? Was it a dream? Was I myself? To get rid of reflection, I spurred my tired horse over the boggy road, and arrived in good time at the public-house on the Porcupine Creek.

I hobbled out my horse, and carried my saddle and saddle-bags into the house, forcing my way through the bar-room; and what a room! and what a scene! A crowd of the most desperate-looking characters I had ever seen literally filled the place, all of whom were, more or less, the worse for drink—I should rather say *better*, for I am convinced that worse than their natural selves they could not be. Oaths, obscene songs, shouts, shrill yells made the din terrific.

"Hullo, you swell!" exclaimed a grizzly ruffian, as I was pushing my way past him; "where the blazes are you a shoving a cove to?" This called the attention of the others to me. Cries of "New chum," "Swell cove," "Look at his hands," and peals of drunken laughter assailed me on all sides; and I was not sorry to reach a quiet though dirty room after a few more determined but not rude efforts. The host came in. I offered a fire to dry my clothes—it was cold, too—and refreshments. Damper and cold mutton were soon brought in, also hot water, and a bottle of pale brandy. By this time it was dark; so I lit my pipe, drew my chair to the fire, and strove, by concentrating my thoughts on friends far distant, to distract my attention from the horrid sounds that swelled so loudly from the tap-room. I had sat thus for more than an hour, when a momentary cessation of the uproar took place, succeeded by a ringing laugh. Could I believe my ears? As sure as death, it was the laugh of Renwick! My blood ran cold, and before I had time to rally my senses, he stood before me in the room, and held out his hand. This last movement acted upon me like electricity. I spring from the chair, and exclaimed,

"How dare you offer your hand to me?"

"What the devil's this!" said the villain, actually laughing! "What's wrong, old man?"

Trembling with rage, I replied—"I know you, Renwick, or whatever your name is. I know you to be a murderer, and a bushranger! I *know* it—although unfortunately I have not such proof as would empower the law to hang you." I paused for want of breath and language.

"Upon my soul, you're coming it rather strong, old man," he replied, with perfect coolness, "especially as you say you have no proof."

"*Legal* proof, you monster," I returned; "I have proof enough to satisfy my own mind. Leave the room."

"Not yet, my balmy new chum," said he; "nor shall you either, until I have a few words with you." So saying, he quietly drew a revolver from its case, and said, "Make one movement towards that door, my friend, and you'll get slops, and no mistake. You won't? Well, I am glad to see you have some sense. Now, take your seat again, and I'll take another, and we'll have a rational chat." Had you but seen his genial smile!

I obeyed the order. He lit his pipe, stretched out his legs, and puffed away in silence for some time. Reflection showed me I was at his mercy, for how many of his brigands might there not be in the adjoining room. Accordingly, I preserved a sullen silence. Suddenly he took his pipe from his lips, looked me in the face, and with one of his gay, reckless laughs, he said,

"New chum, you are not so innocent as you pretend. That wasn't a bad plant of yours by any means."

"I don't understand you," I replied; "what is your meaning?"

"Why, your accusation of murder and of bushranging. Proof, indeed! Ha, ha, ha!"

And so consummate an actor was the man, that positively his mirth seemed real. This worked me up so much, that I replied—

"Yes, you murdered the man without a nose, in Melbourne; and, as to the fellow whom I saw you with in my bed-room, I—" but here I stopped; I was very near breaking the promise I had made that very day.

"Well," said he, "go on. Why do you stop?" He eyed me very keenly as he said this.

"I will speak no more to you," I returned. "I wish I had never seen you."

He smoked again for some time silently, now and then regarding me with a scrutinising glance. At length, putting his left elbow on the table, and bending forward, he said in a stern and altered voice—

"Why are you, who speak to me in this way? How do I know that you are not as bad as myself? I have only your own word to rely upon; I know nothing about you personally, and yet you dare to accuse a man of murder, who, you confess, as far as the law goes, is as innocent as you or any man can be. Damme, but I believe you to be an impostor; and I don't feel sure that I ought not to denounce you as being in league with bushrangers yourself."

"You infernal ——," I growled, through my shut teeth.

"Take it quietly, my good friend; and don't call too many names. Why did the bushrangers not rob *you* to-day, as they robbed the other three?"

I was astounded at this question, and before I could reply he resumed—

"I tell you that the unfortunate men that were robbed believe you to be in league with the robbers—and perhaps at this moment they are speaking of you just as you have spoken to me. I wish you good-night, my friend; you had best keep a calm sough, as your friend Tom would say. You know Tom—you saw Tom to-day, you know. Good-night." And the bushranger went out of the room whistling, leaving me in a state of mind which I leave to the reader's fancy.

III.

I arrived at Bendigo in safety, stayed a

HAUTEVILLE HOUSE—THE RESIDENCE OF VICTOR HUGO.

Victor Hugo, the author of "*Les Miserables*," lives in the island of Guernsey, at the entrance of the British Channel. Nowhere is the proverb, that a prophet is without respect in his own country, more fully exemplified than in Guernsey, at least among the aristocratic sixties and forties of the insular society. It was remarked in my presence by a member of one of the best families, and a clergyman, "We don't think much of Victor Hugo here;" but among the lower classes he is deservedly popular—the poor especially appreciate his generosity, whilst the charitable works of the late Madame Hugo are in the remembrance of all St. Peter Port and its neighborhood.

Hauteville House is full of works of art, and is in itself very peculiar and bizarre. A recent visitor says:—

"Isolated by their position in the middle of the sea, the majority of the inhabitants of Guernsey are connected with the sea either as sailors, or in their relation to the commerce beyond its waters. Besides, all eyes are constantly fixed on the uncertain route by which they expect news from their mother country and absent friends; perhaps it may be a friend himself who is expected. This explains why each house possesses its indispensable signal-mast and '*Look out*,' which name expresses better its use than the Italian term Belvidere. As soon as a vessel appears, as soon as a vessel puts off, it is signalled by the harbor flags, and instantly the signals repeated from house to house announce to the whole island the departure or arrival.

"Hauteville House has its signal-mast and '*look-out*' as well. Victor Hugo has chosen for his chamber the '*look-out*,' I was about to say the attic, a small glass chamber open to every view; although narrow to the body, boundless for the soul, containing everything in the smallest space possible, like a ship cabin,—a small table with pen, ink and paper, an iron bedstead as narrow and hard as the bed of a soldier."

Victor Hugo lives almost entirely in the very attic, which, as the reader will see by the illustration, forms an eyrie far above the petty interruptions and noises of the lower world, and where nothing seems possible to arrest the soaring flight of the grandest genius.

Here on the lofty balconies Victor Hugo may be seen, especially at earliest dawn, enjoying the keen sea breezes in his favorite red Garibaldi costume, and ever admiring the changing hues of the surrounding landscape; for from here can be seen the open channel, seldom at rest, the terrible "Casquets" with their triple lighthouses, the precipitous Ortach rock, then Alderney, and the distant coast of France.

The contrast on entering the small attic chambers is striking—without, the open and unrestrained expanse; within, restricted space, low walls and roof. Pull that handle in the wall! it discloses a washing apparatus similar to that in a midshipman's chest, everything miniature except the books, and here and there and everywhere are books, volumes, folios, octos, pamphlets, proof sheets, &c. In the glass house that projects from the north attic is a small wooden desk, with paper and ink; here the author composes and writes, *standing*. Here too from below have I watched his lamp burning night after night like a very Pharos of literature! bearing testimony to the ceaseless application, study and labor which combine to produce such works as *Les Miserables* and *Notre Dame de Paris*.

day or two in the township, and passed on to Eagle Hawk Gully, where I took up my quarters in the tent of a gentleman from Adelaide, who had come to the gold-fields more through curiosity than from a thirst for gain. It is not my intention to break the continuity of my story by giving a description of the amazing place in which I found myself: let it suffice to say that I purchased the requisite materials, and worked every day in a hole close to my friend's, obtaining, on an average, about seven ounces per week.

Mr. Jacob (the Adelaide gentleman) and I were sitting at breakfast, the first Sunday after my arrival, when he informed me that he expected in an hour or so, a person who spent with him a portion of every Sunday.

"He is," said he, "a most singular man. He was originally a convict in New South Wales; acted as a shepherd during his probation, or whatever they call it; used to do strokes of bushmanship when he was shepherding on outlying stations; served his time; came to Victoria a few years ago—and if there ever was a character truly and thoroughly reformed, he is the man."

Now, Mr. Jacob was a person of experience, and knew what he was saying. The man came in due time. He was thin, yellow-haired, and middle-aged, with a most determined expression of face; but the clear, wide-opened, blue eye, made it a difficult matter for one to believe that he had lived the life of a desperado.

He deeply interested us by recounting, at our request, passages of his eventful career. It was clear that he regretted his mis-spent life, but his regrets never assumed the maudlin form; on the contrary, he seemed determined to atone for the evil he had done, by devoting the remainder of his existence to honesty and *active* good. We walked a few yards from the tent with him as he was going away.

"Mr. Jacob," said he, as we stopped, "if I shouldn't happen to visit you any Sunday, would it be too much to ask you to make inquiries after me? You know my tent in Peg-leg Gully."

"To be sure I know it," said Mr. Jacob. "But what is wrong, John? Have you not been well?"

"Don't think I'm easily skeered, gentlemen," he replied; "but there's a bad lot about me—and they knows I have made a pile, for I works very hard."

"Do you think they would strive to make away with you?"

"I am sure on it, sir, if they got the chance; but I don't drink now—and so I keeps as much as I can out of danger."

"Who are the parties you fear most?"

"A man and his wife, as is in tent next to me. She be a rale bad 'un. Some ill looking chaps has got in with them last week. They'se nobbut loafers, and no good."

At that moment Renwick passed us not a dozen yards away. He had the coolness to nod to me—of course I took no notice—and then, to my surprise, he nodded familiarly to John, who bade him cordially good-day.

"Who is that man?" said I.

"Oh, he be a chap as comed here last week. He be a funny chap, that!"

"Is he a digger?"

"Well, I dunnow. He be looking about him, like."

This was all the information I could obtain from him. Now Mr. Jacob had mentioned to me that the last few days had been more prolific in thefts and robberies on the diggings, and within a circle of ten miles round, than any similar period during his residence there for months. A large batch of prisoners had been marched down within the last twenty-four hours. In profound perplexity as to where my duty lay, I rambled into the bush and sat down under an iron-bark tree.

"Good-day, mate!"

I looked up, and there, transfixing me with his keen eyes, stood Detective Burton, in a digger's very dirty dress!

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed, starting up.

"What's the matter, mate?" said he, his sharp eye going through me like a gimlet.

"You are the very man I want to see," said I. "You are the London Detective."

"Humph! Eh? Well? And you want to see me?"

"Yes. There is a poor fellow, called John Singleton, in Peg-leg Gully, who is in fear of being murdered. I think his fears are well-founded."

"Perhaps you wouldn't object to give me a reason for these fears *of yours?*"

"I believe there are some bad characters who live close to him—*very* bad characters."

"Do you know the men?"

"The men who live near him? I do not."

"Do you know *any* person of evil repute, who keeps company with him?"

"Officer," I replied, "I can only speak from suspicion. I will *not* be more explicit."

"Indeed! You entertain nothing but a vague suspicion of a certain hopeful youth known by the name of Renwick? That's the case, isn't it?"

"It *is* the case," I said, "and I won't be cross-examined any longer. When the proper time comes, I shall not be slow in doing what I owe to society."

With a bow, which to my mind seemed more akin to mockery than politeness, he departed. I don't think I ever felt more dismal than I felt all that evening. For the life of me I could not help thinking that I was in the Detective's bad books—that, in short, he believed me to be wrapped in the ample folds of Renwick's dark mantle of guilt.

At length, after long meditation, I resolved to tell everything to Jacob. I did so that night, without, of course, referring to the adventure of the bushrangers, further than by the observation that a circumstance had occurred to me on the way up, which confirmed very strongly my suspicions, but that I was not at liberty to describe it. He listened attentively, and paused a long time before he made a remark.

"There is something in this," he said at last, "which we neither of us understand. I confess it smothers me. Do you know now," he added, "the most singular thing of all is, the demeanor and language of the Detective towards you. I can make nothing of it. Nothing."

"I don't believe in the Detective at all," I said. "I think him a humbug."

"Possible, possible," said Jacob, "but I tell you what—don't you think it would be well for us to constitute ourselves special (private) constables, for the defence of poor John?"

"Agreed," said I. "Peg-leg Gully is only three miles away, you tell me. We might take a walk over there in the evenings."

"DEATH—VIOLENT AND TERRIBLE DEATH!"

"Be it so," replied Jacob; "we will go over next Saturday. We can carry our blankets, and spend Sunday with him. Saturday night is the time for violence and outrage."

IV.

A day or two after this I rode into Bendigo for letters, and was within a mile of Eagle Hawk on my way back when I met the commissioner with his two orderlies. He pulled up his horse and asked me had I come from Bendigo? Yes. Did I know if the two men had been arrested who were suspected of the murder of Cleary? Yes. They had been arrested that morning. He then directed his orderlies to return, and inquired if I had met a gentleman on a white horse? How far might he be in front by this time? About a mile. He then rode off.

I had not ridden a hundred yards when I met Renwick on his splendid chestnut. He bowed to me, his face expanded in a genial laugh, which I answered with a prodigious scowl.

"Commissioner gone on?" said he. "Plenty of tin on him, I hope."

I wheeled my horse round at this, half resolved to follow him; but, I blush to confess it, his genial and hearty laugh when he saw my movement made me pause. I could not resist the idea that he was humbugging me. Besides, I thought, the commissioner is well armed, he will have overtaken his friend. Renwick will not think of sticking up two. Accordingly, I turned my horse's head homewards once more, and proceeded at a slow pace. In less than ten minutes the commissioner overtook me, wild with excitement. He had been stuck up and robbed of his gold watch and a few sovereigns.

"You were robbed," said I, as he pulled up his horse for a moment, "by—"

"Yes, by three masked men—d——n them. I am going for my orderlies and the constables."

"Stay, please, for one moment," I broke in; "did you meet a young fellow on a chestnut horse?"

"I did: he came up just as they had started off. He galloped after them like a Briton. A plucky young fellow that."

"Oh, yes; very plucky," I thought. Good heavens! what a clever ruffian! How beautifully he had timed it! I told the affair to Jacob when I came home, and I am sorry to say that he laughed so heartily that I also was affected, and we laughed it out. Two days after that, I am glad to say, two of the bushrangers were apprehended, and afterwards sentenced to transportation for life. It was the possession of the watch that convicted them. Renwick was not suspected, and his guilty partners made no sign.

On the evening of Saturday, at sun-down, we left Eagle Hawk for Peg-leg Gully, with our thick blankets on our shoulders. It was long after dark that we came in sight of the tents, from which we kept a wide offing, as it was not very safe to come up to a tent after nightfall. Two tents stood at the further side of the Gully, far removed from the crowded mass of canvas, but separated from each other about twenty yards. In one of these lived John Singleton. It was almost surrounded by thick bushes, to which it was in close proximity; but we could well discern it by the strong light of a mutton-fat lamp within. The night was cloudy, and intensely dark; the numerous fires along the Gully on both sides were too distant to illuminate the spot. Suddenly, Jacob called my attention to the shadows of several figures that appeared through the thin corners of the tent.

"Very strange," said he, in a low voice, "John admits no one into his tent. We must be careful here. I hope nothing is wrong."

We advanced carefully through the bushes, but we could not avoid making a slight noise.

"Is that you, Mat?" said a whispering voice.

I pressed Jacob's arm. He answered, "All right," and we moved forward again.

But, all at once, there was a shout, and a stamping of feet in the tent, and a man sprang up beside me, whom I seized and threw to the ground.

"Here, Jacob," I exclaimed, "help me to deal with this fellow."

"Let me go, you damned fool," said a voice—the voice of Renwick; "let me go at once, or it will be too late."

"Not too late for you to be hanged," I replied. "Murderer, I would not let you go for the Crown of England."

He gave a whistle and up came a man.

"Whom have you here?" said he. It was the Detective.

"Renwick, the murderer," said I.

"I'll take charge of him now. Morris."

"Here, sir."

"Bind this man and keep him safe." So saying, he rushed to the tent, followed by Jacob and me.

A curious sight was there. John was standing at one side of the tent, which was a very roomy one, with a triumphant smile on his grim face. Five men with scowling brows, and hang-dog looks, were standing at the end of the tent farthest from the entrance; while inside the entrance stood six constables, five of them with their carbines presented, each of them covering a man—dead. The sixth held his carbine half-raised. Burton entered.

"Tom Evans," he said, in a loud and stern voice, "advance to the front!" Not one of the five stirred.

"I ask you but once more," said the officer; "you are armed to the teeth, and I should be justified in shooting you dead or crippling you at once." He deliberately cocked a pistol and raised it in the direction of the fellow's breast. "Tom Evans, advance to the front. One, two—"

"Mercy!" exclaimed the other, stepping forward with trembling limbs. He was at once handcuffed and secured, as were all the others.

John informed us that two of the men had met him the day before, and pressed him eagerly to join them the next evening in the other tent, as they had got some good grog. Feeling certain that something was up, he communicated this to the Detective, who had seen him after this interview with me; and, by his advice, went to the appointed place, pretended to grow drunk, reeled with them and three others who had joined them, to his own tent, fell down apparently insensible, and saw them tearing up the ground under his bunk until they came to his gold; watched them as they greedily snatched at it; heard them debating whether they would throw his body into old Larkin's hole, or sink it in the red water-hole with a big stone round the neck. They had finally resolved on this last course, when he gave the concerted shout that brought the officers upon them.

"I need hardly tell ye, gentlemen," said he, "that I did not taste their grog, as I know'd it were *Accussed*."

V.

Time went on; several months elapsed. Jacob and I were resolved to see these prisoners tried; so we went down to Melbourne. It was not without much difficulty that we could gain admittance into the court-house, so great was the interest excited by the deeds of the bushrangers, against all of whom true bills had been found for numerous crimes. They stood side by side in the front part of the dock, dressed in respectable clothes; but nothing could tone down their hardened, ruffianly features. We looked in vain for Renwick; he was not amongst them."

"He is dead, I presume, Jacob," said I.

"It is most probable," he replied; "I almost hope he is."

The indictments were read, the pleading ("Not guilty") recorded, the first witness was called, when—heavens above!—who should enter the witness-box but Renwick!

He was sworn.

"Your name?"

"Samuel Haughton."

"Your occupation?"

"INSPECTOR OF THE VICTORIA DETECTIVE POLICE!"

"Give me a deuce of a hard pinch, Jacob," I whispered; "I am dreaming very hard."

"Egad, my boy," he replied, "I have seen *some* sells; but I shall dry up after this."

But only to hear the evidence of that young man! Never did sleuth-hound pursue trail, as he had followed up the murderers' tracks. His perils, his escapes, his deeds of daring, his vigilant sagacity, his perseverance through obstacles that would appal, one should think, any mortal being; finally, his triumph crowned by the extirpation of a gang of the direst miscreants that ever cursed this earth—all this was told with a modesty and calmness that frequently caused a hum of astonishment and admiration throughout the heaving mass of hearers. The prisoners were condemned to death, and were soon after executed.

On the evening of that day, Burton Haughton, Jacob, and myself were sitting at a table in a snug room in Scott's Club Hotel. Over our walnuts and old port, Haughton condescended to answer a few questions which I put to him.

"Poor Old Nosey! He was killed by Ludwic, a German. He confessed the murder two days after. That bushranger that was in our bed-room with me? He was one of my most useful men. Through him and two others I was believed to be a pal. I had often suspected him of doing business on his own account, but I wasn't sure, until the day you were led into the scrub. How did I know about that affair? Bless you, I know the tracks of that fellow's horse, that led you off, as well as I know the sign-board of Scott's Hotel. I followed them until I met the three poor fellows that were robbed. They told me all I didn't know."

I felt that everything could be as easily explained; therefore, I asked no more questions; but I noticed that Jacob was fidgety and restless, a circumstance which could hardly escape the quick eye of Haughton.

"Have you nothing to say, Jacob?" he asked, with his old laugh; "no question to ask?"

"I? Oh, no; that is—nothing. Only—yes, nothing whatever." His confusion was very odd. Haughton and the Londoner laughed heartily.

"I think something yet has to be said," remarked the former, putting his hand in his pocket and pulling out some papers. "Read this aloud."

I took the paper, and found it to be a letter from the governor of a neighboring colony to the chief of police at Melbourne, in which it was stated that the police must have made a great mistake, as Mr. A. B. C. (*my* name at full length), had brought him letters of introduction from Earl Grey, and several leading members of Parliament, who had known him from childhood.

"Now read *that*," said he, handing me another; "this only arrived by the English Mail yesterday."

It was a letter addressed to the Governor of Victoria (whose guest I had been), from the Lord Lieutenant of my native county in Ireland, expressing his great surprise at the contents of his letter of such and such a date. The family of So-and-so (me again!) was an old county family, and the member who had emigrated, bore the highest character. It ended with the expression of an earnest wish that the originator of a story so injurious and so groundless should be exposed and punished.

"In the name of heaven!" I exclaimed, "what is the meaning of all this?"

"It means," replied Haughton, "that your friend, the son of the post-captain, denounced you secretly as a dangerous man, who was striving to renew the treasonous deeds of '48; that he accused you of forging to the amount of £5,000, and said that you had bolted to avoid arrest."

"But what could be his motive?" said I.

"Revenge for your exposal of him, and perhaps to obtain your well stored portmanteaus by a forged order from your prison. Who knows?"

"Ah, who indeed?" said Jacob; "however, all is cleared up now. Haughton, your hand, old fellow. You're a regular unmitigated, unmistakeable brick. That's the size of it."

"I think," I broke in, "that I could give a tolerable guess why you personated the brother of the dead man."

"Well, now chum, out with it."

"Why, you feared that the rowdies there would have appropriated the horse and swag."

"Right you are, Innocent," said he, gayly; "you'll become an eye-opener in time. There were three men there who would never have permitted a single officer to carry off the spoil; while *his brother* carried with him the sympathies of the mob. I left the horse and saddle-bags with Sergeant Carroll, who was at a neighboring station. But, new chum, one final word about yourself. I had to keep my eye on you until we should hear something. I did not require your personal identification as I knew you myself, but that was long ago, and you *might* (don't be angry) have gone to the bad in the interval."

"Where did you ever see me before?" I asked.

"At the old school of Portorn. I joined it shortly before you left for college; but I have never forgotten how you saved me from the hands of that bully, Hedgethorn, and the awful hammering you gave him for beating such a small boy as me."

"I recollect it well," I said; "you see my knuckle has never been quite right since."

"You will now understand the awkwardness of my manner to you," said the London inspector, with a merry glance.

"Yes," said I, shaking him heartily by the hand, "for a very great authority has said; The bearin' of an observation lays in the application on it."

THE MYSTERY OF THE REEFS

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FOX ENTRAPPED.

It was Friday, and the day following the little fisher's visit to the convent. Sister Annunciata had been so absent when we were left alone, and so absorbingly occupied by the work we shared together, that I could not find a fitting moment to whisper in her ear what Paulo's son had told me. I thought of her avowed intention to thwart and injure Neill, and being conscious, from the words dropped by Father Bertram, that his stay was nearly over, I began to tremble for my hopes of release from the power of his will. I was thinking despondently of this, when we entered the refectory side by side and took our places at the long, narrow table.

I glanced secretly from time to time in the sister's face—and finding her apparently unconscious of my regard, and being struck with its perfectly unearthly pallor, I put my hand upon her arm in some perturbation.

She answered my touch by starting quickly on her feet and then falling prostrate on the floor. In great alarm we clustered round her, while some one ran to summon Father Bertram. I was holding her in my arms, and trembling under the cold, dead weight that she seemed to be, when he hurried in. But before he could render her any assistance, or, indeed, before any of us had recovered from the alarm into which her sudden unconsciousness had thrown us, she became herself at once, and as suddenly as she had been taken ill. She sat up, and shivered as if from cold once or twice, but evinced no desire to speak or explain, if she could, why she had been so strangely affected.

Father Bertram, who possessed great medical skill, or at least, I had always been taught to think he did, earnestly advised her to take a drink of warm wine. He held her hand in his, and told her that her pulse was strangely irregular—one moment flying, the next scarcely perceptible. He talked to her in a low, earnest tone, but all the time kept his eyes upon her face, as if the small quantity of food she took and her great mental labor among her pupils—to which he ascribed her faintness—but half explained it to his own mind, and he sought some other clue to guide him to its cause.

Annunciata gave him no other.

"It was nothing," she said, "she was quite herself again, and would gladly take whatever the father might prepare for her, though she scarcely thought she needed any medicine."

The father did. He would give her something presently, that he was sure would bring her strength and sleep. She had not been sleeping well—he could see that in her eyes.

She admitted this, and thanking him quietly, turned to the table, but she ate nothing.

I watched her and saw that she never broke bread that night. I waited till she moved to leave the room, and then pressed her to lean upon me, which she did.

When we were alone in her cell, whither I accompanied her, she seemed to forget in a moment all pain and weakness.

"Come close to me," she cried, excitedly, "come close to me, that no one may hear what I tell you. When the prayers are over, go into the garden and hide yourself among the vines around the old door that is built up in the wall. I have been twisting the shrubs so that they will easily conceal you. You will not be missed here, for I will look to that. Be patient. You may have to wait long, but I will come as soon as I can get Neill Fogarty to follow me. There is but one thing more for me to say: It is, remember Honora, that had I been free to choose my path, you should never know what you may hear to-night; but it is fated so, and there is no other way, or none that I can see. To-morrow you will go. I have prepared for your flight, and there is nothing to fear." Here she whispered so low as to be scarcely audible. "There will be a man whom I can trust. I knew him many years ago. He will wait in the bay with a little boat at sunrise. I have arranged it all. It was done at night, and the want of rest has worn on me; I shall have quiet presently."

In every motion and word of Sister Annunciata, I detected a strange excitement and flurry that was unnatural to her. Her hands were cold and damp, and her whole frame shook with a constant tremor. She must have endured some unusual fatigue of body, I felt assured; and that and the want of sleep, of which she spoke, must have caused the fainting that overcame her in the refectory.

The abbess, as I said before, was ailing. Sister Annunciata was looked upon as her successor, and already performed most of her duties, therefore I had little to fear from observation in leaving my room, as I presently did, and stealing quietly to the further end of the narrow garden.

There had been a gate opening on the hill-side from the spot where I took shelter according to the sister's direction; but it must have been built up years and years before, for the stone work was old and moss-grown as the wall itself. Either from want of material, or doubt of its necessity, the workmen who had closed the gate, had used in their task neither the hewn stone nor masses of cement that had been so lavishly employed by their predecessors, so that a hollow place, partly covered with vines, marked the difference between the original wall and the old entrance to it. Sister Annunciata had told me that the vines would cover me, and I found that she had cleared away the tangled undergrowth, and made them close and firm by twining them together. The night was coming on so dark that I scarcely required such a screen, and I should have thought her caution unneeded were it not for a fitful gleam of lightning that now and then lit up the murky air like the flash of an angry eye.

I had been crouched and hidden for a long time, without thinking clearly of anything, except the hope of freedom that had made my heart beat madly with mingled fear and delight the instant it was spoken of as near or possible.

I did not know then, nor can I recall the hours I waited, or whether they only seemed hours to my impatience. Be that as it may, they were gone at last. I heard a faint echo of steps along the walk. It became distinct, and with it Neill's voice was audible almost at my side.

"No," he said, "I have nothing to forgive. Had you not wished to see me here, I should have sought an interview myself before I left the convent."

"And for what purpose, father?" the sister's cold and measured tones made answer. "Speak, as if this meeting were of your seeking; it may be that what you have to say will make it useless for me to do more than listen."

"My intention was to thank you, sister, simply to thank you for the service you have done my niece and me. What Father Bertram has told you of her case, explains the cause we both have for gratitude. Your duties made it difficult for me to see you till to-night, although I was resolved to do so. It would have been your due, if only through the merest courtesy, but gratitude for this service takes the form of a solemn obligation. I feel it thus, sister, and am humbly grateful."

They had spoken in Spanish till now. All at once, Annunciata said in English, and in an altered voice:

"This was what you had to say; well, it does not bear at all upon my speech with you. Do you know me, Neill Fogarty?"

There were no words spoken between them for a moment or two, but the man stepped back almost upon my body, and laid his hand as if for support on the wall.

"Do you know me?" she repeated, fiercely.

"No!" he answered slowly and hoarsely, as if fear, even when he did not know its cause, had become habitual to him.

"I'll bring myself to your mind if you will listen and think a moment."

Her voice had a bitter, mocking tone, and she came close to him as he leant against the wall:

"I was Bell Donohue, the old farmer's daughter. Do you remember me now? Do you remember the wicked deed you wrought for me because I gave Guy Herbert warning of the plot you had against him? How you set my father on to ruin me, and with your cursed arts misled him and your noble brother, until they left me, a poor, innocent girl, whose only sin had been concealing what I thought I could one day acknowledge with tears of pride and joy, without a husband, without a name, a burden to myself, and a disgrace to those who loved me? Yes, you remember this; my voice brings back again the day I swore to you that I would be avenged; but you knew I did not enter here as a nun; you knew I scorned to injure your name and race by calling you a murderer, when I might have raised the whole country side to hang you without law or mercy; and you thought me safe and silent as the dead in the old convent vault away in the mountains that you know I went to years ago. Your whole life is known to me, and I helped to save you. Yes, you wronged me, and you felt I knew it, yet you trusted me. When you pitilessly set upon Guy Herbert and took his life—how you did it is your own secret, I simply know it was done—the blow that laid him in the grave robbed your sister of her mind. There was the honor of an ancient house at stake. Her raving words were full of terrible meaning, that brought terror to the ears that heard them. For many a weary year they echoed through the old turret, where, as poor Bell Donohue, she faded slowly from the world, while I bore her name in another land. Do you remember this?"

"Yes," he answered faintly; but his voice had gathered strength and become an agonized entreaty when he added, bending towards her, and seeming to grasp her robe: "Tell me, Bell Donohue, for the love of heaven answer me truly, is this the first time you have told this story, is it known to—to the girl Honora?"

Listening for her answer, his breathing was like that of one suffocating under an unendurable weight. Her words quieted the struggle the instant they were uttered—

"I have never spoken word to mortal till to-night."

"I believe you; you were always the spirit of truth. I trusted you for that. Yes, yes, Bell, I acted madly, but it was to save myself from ruin. I will tell you all; I shall have no secret from you—why should I? You meant to startle me by this sudden meeting, and may be avenge yourself for that old sore by threatening to set Honora on my track. You would not do it, no, no; you say I trusted you before—I'll trust you again. I'll keep nothing back from you—why should I—ha, ha!"

I own that I was afraid of Neill Fogarty now. I had hated and shrunk from him before, but there was something in his voice now that filled me with fear—positive fear. A cold shudder ran over my whole body. I clung close to the wall to avoid him, and, had I obeyed my first sudden impulse, I should have risen and fled away with a loud cry. His manner had completely changed. He spoke with the strangest eagerness, and urged his confidence on the sister, with an excited frankness that had something like the dawning of a frightful gayety in it.

The sister was less timid than I, for there was the same strong, determined will as ever in her voice, when she spoke again and asked—

"Why do you change your plan so suddenly? at first you meant to defy me."

"That was the folly of terror. You gave me no warning. I could not think. Now I see how foolishly useless such a thought would be. You yourself, after years of trust, will not break faith. Honora is the sword you would hold over my head. What do you demand of me?"

"Tell me what made the poor child's life a scene of such dreary, gloomy mystery. Is it Guy's half-sister, Monica, that is buried yonder in the chapel?"

"You've had the little lady's confidence, it seems, and yet have told her nothing?"

His tone was a question, and the sister answered:

"Nothing yet."

"Yes, yes, I see," he cried, with a sort of horrible sprightliness of manner, "when I have confessed myself to you, she is to know all. They should have called you cunning Belle Donohue, as well as bonny."

He laughed for an instant, then suppressed the unaccountable inclination he felt to be merry or triumphant, and went on to say:

"Monica Herbert loved me, Belle; you who have known the passion are too wise to ask me why. She was her brother's living image, and I never loved *him* you know, so she had the feeling all to herself, which made it stronger, I suppose; but you, being a woman, should know better than I about that. I did not know that Guy and Nell were married, nor did Brian, who looked on a clandestine union as the next thing to disgrace. But I should beg your pardon here again."

He stopped an instant, as if in humble apology, and I felt that his villainous nature could not lose the opportunity of inflicting a pang. The sister gave no sign of heeding it, and he went on:

"He brought his doom on his own head. It happened in this wise: Brian objecting to his constant presence at the castle, Nell met him secretly, and one night, when they were together in the great dining hall, she hid him in a tall old cabinet, on hearing coming footsteps from without. They had that night, as we afterwards discovered, planned a flight to France, for Guy distrusted Brian's being reconciled to the difference there was between them in religion. They never fled to France, you know, and this was the reason why: There was a party then in Ireland that had pledged life and freedom in a holy cause, and I was one of them. What we meant to do would have been called treason, if known. It was our business to keep it secret till the time for action came. We met that night in the great dining hall. It was our footsteps that disturbed Nell and her husband, as he turned out to be, and to avoid us she hid him in the cabinet. There he listened to our plans and projects, he whom interest and religion made our enemy, and so he brought his doom upon himself."

"Did you discover him?" asked the sister in breathless interest.

"No," laughed Neill, in a hollow, wicked tone, that made me shudder, "he betrayed himself, fool that he was. He met me at the gate the very day of the night on which he meant to carry off his prize, and told me of his knowledge, saying he would have disclosed himself, but that he dreaded to bring scandal on my sister; but that his lips were sealed if we took the warning he now gave us to desist from what he called a mad and fiendish plot that would bring misery and destruction on us and all the country. I had hated him before, you knew that, and warned him of it; but now I swore to save our cause and rid myself of a hated enemy. He died that night. I did not mean that Nell should know it, but he was waiting down The Reefs, on the seaward side of the castle, where there is an entrance among the rocks to the 'old vault,' as it is called. He fell with his face turned toward me, and I could not fly, idiot that I was, but stood spell-bound by the look he fastened on me. There was a pale, faint moonlight. Had it been a black night, such as this, I would not have seen it, and Nell might have kept her reason. But as it was I stood there. Some devil seemed to hold me down, and the great eyes watched me till they suddenly went out in death. That girl to whom you mean to tell this to-morrow has her father's eyes, and she never looked at me that I did not curse the likeness. Had it been full of terror or reproach, the gaze would have lost its power over me, and I could have fled. It was simply a pitying surprise, that might have intensified into contempt, if the light had not faded under the glare of death. And this Honora sat before me day by day at The Reefs, bending the self same glance upon me. Do you wonder, Belle, that I could not bear it?"

He stopped only an instant; more, I thought, to see the sister's face than to hear her answer. It was very dark, but now and then a streak of lightning sent a crooked gleam of light across both their faces, and they saw each other. Peering from under the cover of the leaves where I crouched, I could distinguish this. He went on:

"Nell came upon me suddenly. She had dressed herself for the flight with him, and carried in her hand a box of trinkets she inherited from her mother. Some evil spirit kept her eyes fixed on the moon until she was so close beside us that her foot almost touched him as he lay there, keeping me prisoner with that dying glance, that I hated myself even then for yielding to. Seeing her, he turned his face, and a sudden flash of life and strength came back to him, so that he tried to raise himself again and speak. What I had done had been the fruit of a fixed and firm resolve. What I did after was the random work of fear and bitter folly that I have lived to regret. His eye released me. I had power to move, but idiot that I was, I thought him coming back to life, and I struck again. Nell threw herself between us and caught the knife in her hand. She was a slender girl, and I had always thought her fragile until then; but, by the Lord, she fought me like a devil and threw herself upon me with the strength of madness. In the struggle, the ground being bloody under me, I slipped and fell. Another moment and the knife she held would have been in my heart. She held it high above me, with a tigerish eye, but dropped it in an instant and fell to laughing pleasantly. You and I have heard of the fearful sound of mad laughter. I tell you it is all lying nonsense, for Nell was famous for the music of hers. There are scores of yellow old sonnets now at The Reefs, that Brian keeps as sacred treasures, that were written to the silver laugh of the Rose of Fogarty, as she was named. And I never heard it fuller, clearer or sweeter than it rose upon the winds that night. I listened to it perforce, and noted it in all the wild confusion of my mind, and I have never forgotten it since and never shall. She was mad. No one knew that better than you, who helped to keep the secret. I had another confident, who broke the blow to Brian, and stood between us when he was too mad with passion to reason or acknowledge the need of caution. His name was Launce. He was an old lover of Nell's—a rejected one of course—so he became a priest, and was united in the cause for which I risked my safety. Thus he was bound to aid me, and he did.

"Now we come to Monica, who was a mere waif in the world, with neither place nor name; a natural child, whom no one favored or received, except her half brother, to whom she bore a singular likeness. Guy would be missed. A man of property and influence, there were hundreds to inquire after him. She would be thought of by none; and if she were, how easy to account for her as a novice in some foreign convent, for she professed her mother's creed, you know, and often spoke of such a retirement. This was my thought. It came to me in the midst of the distracting terror that followed close on Nell's madness. The body was hid beyond the power of detection. Your father, for Brian's sake, gave Nell your place, and you left The Reefs under her name. Launce kept Brian quiet, and I conceived the happy plan of having Monica assume her brother's name and place; thus securing peace and preventing all inquiry or suspicion. I told Launce of what I meant to do. He thought it impossible; but I knew that Monica loved me, and I looked on it as accomplished. You see that I was right. She shrank from facing the world in his old home, but gladly took upon herself a life-long exile and a foreign grave. She lies, as you have said, in the old chapel yonder. When Honora was born, Nell's madness went away. She became, as I have heard, a quiet, brooding, child-like creature, and raved no more. Of course the child could not be left with her. Launce stayed in Ireland till its birth, and brought it over the sea to Monica. Your mother came with him, and saw the outside of your convent walls, away among the mountains beyond Santander. I heard her weeping with Brian over it after her return. You see, dear sister, I have spread my heart before you without reserve to-night. You told me once I had a black, deceitful heart. You'll call me frank and open in future, will you not?"

Annunciata made no answer to this.

"There is one thing more," she said; "what did you do with the man you murdered?"

Her voice was low and deep, and she spoke with a solemn force that struck awe to my soul as I listened.

He drew near to her, and bent forward almost to touch her ear with his lips.

"Can you think?" he cried, in a shrill whisper. "You know Fogarty, every stone and tree; but can you think of a hiding-place where such a thing could lie to all eternity, untouched, undreamed of?"

He waited for an answer. Her lips framed "No;" but it was so faint, I could scarcely hear it. His tone was almost exulting, and he laughed:

"You would have thrown it in the sea; but the sea gives up its dead! I could have dug and hid it where any hand might have torn it up within the coming year. But no. There was a sepulchre hewn to receive it, it would seem; the old vault, made by my father in the times of trouble, and so secretly contrived that the most prying eye might pass it every hour without discovering it. Besides, it had a complicated lock, that one who did not understand, might pry out each separate block of granite in the massive wall, before they could unfasten.—There he lies, as nobly lodged as if he had been wept and prayed over. You, Bell Donohue, have used harsh names for me, and but little stint in epithets describing a being without a human virtue. Let me prove to you, to-night, that I have one. I trusted to a woman's hand that which I feared to keep myself—that which became, in my eyes, the power to betray and deliver me up to shame, more than all the words suspicious hatred or vengeance could suggest—the key of the old vault. I gave it to Monica, telling her what it might disclose."

"Where is it now?"

I put my hand upon my icy breast. All my frame was chilled, and the warmth of life seemed gone from me forever. Under its cold and clammy covering my heart beat wildly, like a living thing beneath a frozen lake. Nothing but the terrible power of the words to which I listened, held me in consciousness, as the rack keeps its victim from fainting, through exquisite and ceaseless pain.

"Where is it now?"

Sister Annunciata's question was asked while my hand still closed upon the little key I had taken from the coffin.

Neill answered, after an instant's thought—

"It is in the vault yonder, where Monica and her story lie buried together. There is no place equal to a vault, whether in an Irish castle or a Spanish convent, for burying a secret."

Before I had ceased shuddering at the dreadful meaning in his tone, he caught the sister by the arm, and said—

"You promise not to speak of this to Honora to-night!"

"I promise—I shall not speak of it to-night," she answered, echoing the earnest tone of his question.

"I have trusted you before, and I believe you still; but after to-night you are my enemy," he said; "is it not so?"

"I have known and despised you always, Neill Fogarty. What you have said to-night does not lessen my hatred."

"Good-night, sister," he answered, softly; "take rest, I entreat you. You need it sorely, Father Bertram says."

She neither moved nor spoke; and he stole away very quietly up the long gravel walk and in at the convent door.

"Up, Honora," she cried, excitedly, when assured that he was gone, "up from your hiding place. Not a word of this to-night, for we must keep faith with him, devil though he be. As he says, I must sleep, or I shall go mad. But you, child, you must pray. Thought will force itself upon you. Do not court its coming, but ward it off in prayer. It will be better for us both to rest to-night."

Saying this, and charging me to follow presently, she sped away; and, after waiting to receive the warning she promised to give me if I should be discovered, I hurried after her, and entered my dark and silent cell.

CHAPTER XX.

THE PRICE OF NEILL'S CONFIDENCE.

I saw Sister Annunciata again that night, but only for a moment. It must have been hours after the meeting in the garden. I could not tell how long, for despite the sister's warning, I was thinking. How could I help it? The whole story of my life, that had been written in an unknown tongue before, was translated now; and I read it over, again and again. My beautiful mother, who had lost her reason in that mad struggle over my father's dying form, became a living picture before my eyes; the evil spirit who had worked such fearful harm, and who would be completely at my mercy, could I once escape from Pasco; the noble-hearted man, indeed my uncle, that I had fondly called so in my yearning love for him; the maddening distance that lay between all, drove me wild, and tossing to and fro, I held my bursting brain, that seemed to burn and whirl beneath the weight of the dreadful story I had heard.

Suddenly, the cool air from the beach trees in the garden at Fogarty seemed to blow upon me, and I felt myself borne along in the arms of Sir Brian as he held me the night my mother died. The memory was a gracious one, more merciful perhaps than I could then conceive; for, but for that, ere morning, I might have shared her sad lot and lost my poor distracted mind. A full, hot gush of tears burst from my eyes as I recalled the thoughtful love that had laid me once within those arms that could never shelter and clasp me in all my life.

While I was silently weeping, the faint light of the sister's lamp fell upon my face. I started up.

"Have you slept?" she asked.

I shook my head, and, seeing my tears, she smiled, and said:

"That is as well; it will save you from a fever."

She held in one hand the lamp, which she set up on the bracket near the door; in the other was a cup which she raised to her lips.

"It is the draft Father Bertram made for me," she said; "I did not mean to take it, for I have but little faith in drugs; but, though I am weary unto death, I cannot rest or sleep, and my head seems on fire."

She tasted the drink, and paused for a moment as if to detect what it contained, then shook her head, and swallowed it to the last drop.

"I thought," she said, as she laid the cup upon the bracket and took up the lamp, "I thought perhaps it might have been the cordial Father Bertram mixed for you, and wondered why he should prepare me such a medicine. It is different, and has an acid taste that lingers in my mouth. Well, I will not cavil at that if it bring me rest. Neill will have gone before morning, then we can talk together. Now, good-night."

She came and kissed me where I lay, and said, as her face was close to mine:

"I loved your mother, darling," in a tender, gentle voice that made me weep afresh, and half blinded by my tears, I saw her glide away as noiseless as a spirit.

I should have thought it impossible for me to sleep that night, but I was young, and Nature was kind; so, after hours of tears and weary thought, I fell into a slumber so profound, that there was neither dream or sound to break it.

The sun was checkering my bed with golden bars when I opened my eyes. I looked about me without the sense of what I had known and heard the night before coming full upon me for the first few moments. My eyes fell upon the little bracket near the door where Sister Annunciata had placed the cup, and that recalled me. It was gone now; some one had removed it.

I sprang up and hurriedly began to dress, for I longed to see and speak with her about my flight; and the knowledge that the convent was emptied of Neill's presence, gave me hope and courage. I had finished dressing, and it being the hour for early prayers, had hastened to the chapel. Annunciata was not there, and I knelt in the lower aisle, watching for her appearance, but she did not come. With the rest of the sisters I arose and passed slowly out, my mind anxiously filled with the strange absence of the sister. It was in hastening toward her cell that I met Father Bertram, who addressed me with courteous kindness, as he had done of late, and asked me of her health.

"I am going to her room, father," I said. "She was not well, as you know, and so I am as desirous as you to know why she was not in the chapel."

I started; for, leaning upon the priest's arm, and looking full upon me, was Neill Fogarty. He had not been there when I began to speak, and now he stood, looking at me with his evil smile as if to challenge recognition. I gave him none, but hurried to the sister's room, which, having reached, I paused, struck by a sudden fear that held me back from entering.

Sometimes, on the threshold of some terrible event, we have, I think, a momentary warning of what is to come. Such an one flashed on me then, and I made an instant's pause, and took a breath before I entered.

Then I passed into the cell. On the low bed, in her nun's dress, lay the sister, stark and cold in death. Her head was slightly fallen over, and her veil loosened and thrown aside. Her eyes were wide open, and staring terribly. Her face was darkly tinged, and every feature was convulsed.

I did not move one step toward her. I could not. Death, violent and terrible death, held me back; and wild with horror, grief and fright, I raised my hands and uttered a cry that rang loudly through the convent walls.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A couple were to have been married at Indianapolis the other evening, and the bride was ready for the ceremony at the appointed time, but the bridegroom was not on hand. A messenger was sent for him, but instead of fulfilling his duty, he sent back word that he never intended to marry the lady, and only "wanted to see how she could take a joke."

☞ The English War Department have thrown aside the Armstrong gun altogether, after expending untold millions and knighting the inventor. The thing is a failure. The British War Office has issued an order intimating its purpose to withdraw all the breech-loading rifled guns and substituting muzzle-loaders. Will Sir William now surrender his baronetcy?

☞ Ten new Methodist churches are dedicated in the United States upon the average every week throughout the year.

☞ Senator Sprague has bought nine thousand acres on Cumberland Island, Ga., where he will build a winter residence. He paid ninety thousand dollars for the land.

☞ A patent has been taken out for a new process in cigar making. The leaf tobacco is ground to a pulp and run out in sheets, as paper is made, done up and sold by the quire or ream—and then every one makes his own cigar, if he pleases.

☞ The rich young Hindoos of India are very ready to adopt the habits of their English rulers instead of following the customs of their fathers. They fail to discriminate in favor of good English habits, but indulge in most of the extravagances and dissipations of civilization. They graduate from the Calcutta University with no religion whatever, faith in the ancestral creed being destroyed and nothing left in its place. They imitate English snobbery, drive about in dog carts, smoke cheroots, and drink brandy.

☞ The white of an egg in sweetened water is a French cure for croup, said to be sure. To be given in repeated doses so long as necessary.

☞ There is an eagle's nest in a tree on the shore of the Mattawaumkeag Lake, in Maine, which has continued there ever since the country was visited by white men.

☞ Where the mouth is sweet and the eyes intelligent, there is always the look of beauty with a right observer.

☞ A gentleman of Everton, Indiana, having had the misfortune to lose his wife by elopement, thus describes the fair runaway: "She is five feet in height, rather heavy, having very dark hair and eyes, a short, concave nose, dark skin, a little black moustache, thick lips, no front teeth, all the teeth in her head decayed, and not much of them left except roots, round shoulders, subject to phthisic, a scar on her collar bone caused by a burn, one or two scars on her face, and one crooked rib." If this description is accurate, he had better let her run.

☞ The Chinamen in New York marry Irish women, and it is very curious to hear the little half-breed children running about the rooms and alternately talking Irish to their mothers and Chinese to their fathers.

☞ A Lowell man had two Christmas presents; one was a nice dressing-gown, and the other a bill for the same.

☞ The number of children who attend school in the United States amounts to 5,000,000. They use 20,000,000 books, which cost $18,750,000.

☞ Why should an order for the new bottoming of a pair of boots be treated with reverence? Because it's a sole'em affair.

☞ The five leading belles at the French court wear false teeth.

☞ The returns of the census recently taken in the Northwest Provinces of India are a curious index to the habits and tastes of the people, and the straight-forward manner in which the inhabitants report their occupations might serve as a shining example of honesty of speech. In India all callings are hereditary, and there are hereditary beggars, hereditary hermits, hereditary hangmen, "hereditary painters of horses with spots," and the like. There were 3,600 firework makers; 29,136 glass-bangle makers; 1,123 astrologers. A number of Brahmins had for profession "the receipt of presents to avert the influence of evil stars." The hereditary occupation of a whole caste was "to satirize the enemies of the rich, and to praise their friends." In Allahabad there were 974 people who described themselves as "low blackguards;" 35 as "men who beg with threats of violence;" 25 as "hereditary robbers;" 29 as "howlers at funerals;" and 226 as "flatterers for gain."

Going It Strong.

A recent number of the *New York Independent* contains a three-column sermon by the Rev. Gilbert Haven on "America's Past and Future." One passage of the discourse shows that, in the effort to overcome "color prejudice," Mr. Haven goes over to the opposite extreme. We quote: "Our feelings of aversion will change to feelings of regard. The complexion at which we now profess to revolt we shall look upon with pleasure. * * We shall 'see Helen's beauty in the brow of Egypt.' We shall say: 'What a rich complexion is that brown skin! It is Italian, Greek, Oriental—perfect. How far it excels our chalky hue!' * * *

"Our girls crinkle their hair after the natural curliness of their sisters' locks. This is one of God's modes of curing us of color-blindness. * * * The hour is not far off when the white-hued husband shall boast of the dusky beauty of his wife, and the Caucasian wife shall admire the sun-kissed countenance of her husband as deeply and as unconscious of the present ruling abhorrence as is his admiration of her lighter tint."

And again, we look at a face with repulsion, which "is of the very complexion of the mother of our Lord—nay, of the Lord Himself."

[The reverend gentleman's facts seem to be on a par with his tastes, though he has since denied that he meant that the Saviour was a negro—but only that He was of the color of the mixed breeds.]

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GOOD AGENTS WANTED.

CALL OR SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

feb6-1y

PARIS HEADS.—A letter from Paris says: "A few days since I saw a newly-married lady make one of her bridal visits in a dress of scarlet velvet upon a blue velvet under petticoat, whilst on the top of a positively white chignon—she went in for being a silver blonde—was perched what looked like a small black coal-scuttle, from whose aperture protruded carrots and turnips, mixed with celery leaves and parsley. I am bound to say that, when she took her leave, there was a general outcry; but she bears a great name, and animadversion was not so vehement as it ought to have been."—*Paris correspondent.*

HITCHCOCK'S HALF-DIME MUSIC.

Believing that whatever tends to amuse and instruct, to cultivate and develope the mind, or to elevate the character and diversify the nature of Home enjoyments, is ever welcome to the American people—this series is respectfully presented. Our object is to enable all classes—rich and poor—who have a desire for Music, to become possessed of all the popular productions of the day, without incurring an *almost prohibitory* expense. One or more numbers will be issued weekly. The price of each number will be FIVE CENTS. The following are

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" 2. Won't you Tell me Why, Robin? Claribel.
" 3. We'd Better Bide a Wee. Claribel.
" 4. Blue Eyes. Molloy.
" 5. Not for Joseph. Lloyd.
" 6. Good Bye, Sweetheart, Good Bye. Hatton.
" 7. I really don't think I shall Marry. Claribel.
" 8. Praise of Tears. "Flow'rets Blooming. Winds Perfuming." F. Schubert.
" 9. Champagne Charlie. Lee.
" 10. Skating Rink Polka. Wiener.
" 11. Genevieve Waltz. Wiener.
" 12. Come hither my Baby, my Darling. Wiener.
" 13. The Danish Boy's Whistle. Grau.
" 14. Little Maggie May. Blamphin.
" 15. Maggie's Secret. Claribel.
" 16. His Love Shines over all. Sacred song. Forbes
" 17. The Old Cottage Clock. Molloy.
" 18. Silver Chimes. Claribel.
" 19. The Rose of Erin. Benedict.
" 20. Arm-in-Arm. Polka Mazurka. Strauss.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The above can be obtained at the music, book, and periodical stores, or by enclosing the price, 5 *cents each*, to the publisher. Other choice selections will rapidly follow. Agents wanted. BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, Publisher,
99 Spring St., New York.

☞ We once heard a man explain the largeness of his nasal organ by saying that when he was a little boy it swelled up, and the swelling had never gone down. Like a member of a temperance society, who excused his frequent drinks by saying that the doctor told him to take liquor as a medicine, and he never told him to stop.

GREATLY INCREASED DEMAND for the *MENDENHALL IMPROVED HAND LOOM* sold by H. T. THOMAS (successor to A. B. GATES & Co.,) who has now improved and perfected the above Loom, so that Rag Carpets, Satinet, Jeans, Linseys, Tweed Balmoral Skirting and numerous other styles, with the Fly Shuttle can be woven by simply turning an easy crank at the rate of 20 to 30 yards per day by a girl or boy thirteen or fourteen years of age.

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Wholesale Blasting.

A correspondent of the Pittsfield Eagle says: "The most thrilling scene that came under my observation was in the Sierra Nevada on the Central Pacific. Here the road is built on the side of a precipice two thousand four hundred feet above the base, and the slope is so steep that the Chinamen who did the work were let down in baskets, and in this position drilled holes and charged them in the side of the mountains. At one time there were four hundred and sixty of these charges, connected by a fuse, exploded at one time. Masses of rock weighing many tons fell to the bottom with terrific fury. When the debris had ceased to fall, the echoes were still reporting among the distant hills. So stunning was the shock that I would never willingly witness the like again.

A NEW GLEE BOOK.—THE GREETING.—A collection of Glees, Quartetts, Choruses, Part-Songs, &c. By L. O. Emerson, Author of "The Jubilate," "Harp of Judah," "Golden Wreath," "Merry Chimes," &c. Upwards of half a million copies of Mr. Emerson's Music Books have been sold, a fact proving a popularity which has rewarded no other author of the same class of books and which cannot fail to insure for this new volume an immense sale. The contents of this work are, for the most part NEW. A large number of valuable pieces have been contributed by Mr. L. H. Southard, whose name is a sufficient guarantee of their excellence. The marked feature of the collection are originality, brilliancy and variety; and it will be found, upon careful examination, that there is no glee book now before the public that in every particular will prove so completely satisfactory to musical societies and conventions, conservatories, clubs and amateur singers. Price, $1.25. Mailed, post-paid.
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711 Broadway, New York.

☞ METHUSELAH.—According to one of the Jewish authorities, Methuselah did not live so long as he might have done had he attended to good advice; for it is written that as he was sleeping on the ground when well-stricken in years, an angel came to him and told him that if he would rise up and build himself a house to lie in, he would live five hundred years longer. Methuselah made an answer, that it was not worth while to build a house for so *short a term!* And so he died before he was a thousand years old.

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These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

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oct30-1y

☞ A lady gave a fancy ball not long since, and in order to be distinguished placed a servant at the door to announce the costumes as they entered. A couple of ladies appeared in full ball-room dress. "What costume shall I announce?" asked the servant. "We are not in costume," they replied. "Two ladies without costume," shouted the servant, to the horror of everybody.

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Circulars sent free to any address.
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☞ A couple of rival politicians were disputing about the extent of a recent procession—one claiming that it was a small affair, and the other that it was "the biggest thing of the kind ever seen in the county. "Why, said he, "it was twelve hours passing a given point, as I'll make you admit," looking at his opponent. "I'll like to see you do it," said the latter. "Well, the point it took us twelve hours to pass was the whiskey shop on the corner." His opponent gave it up.

AGENTS WANTED FOR "DAKOTA LAND."—Col. Hankins' new book on Upper Mississippi River and Red man's Home beyond. Ten ladies made $4,700 in 35 days. 100 Engravings. Address "HOME GAZETTE," New York City.

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IMPERIAL (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ☞ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ☞ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 75c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ☞ lb.
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oct31-tf

☞ A witness in a trial in Winchester, England, before Mr. Baron Martin, persisted in telling what other people said, and interlarded his testimony so often with "said I" and "said he" that the counsel was utterly bewildered. The Court attempted to set the man right: "My good man, tell us exactly what happened." "Yes, my lord, certainly. I said I should not have the pig." "Well, what was his answer?" "He said that he had been keeping the pig for me, and that he—." "No, no, he did not say that—he could not have said it; he spoke in the first person." "I was the first person that spoke, my lord." "I mean this—don't bring in the third person—repeat his exact words." "There was no third person—my lord; only him and me." "Look here, my good fellow—he did not say he had been keeping the pig; he said 'I have been keeping it.'" "I assure you, my lord, there was no mention of your lordship at all. We are on two different stories, my lord. There was no third person, my lord; and if anything had been said about your lordship, I must have heard it."

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☞ A FORTUNATE ESCAPE.—This is the way in which a French paper chronicles an accident:—"On Saturday an accident, which might have been attended with sad results, took place in this city (Paris.) A bricklayer, having lost his balance, fell from the sixth-story of a house to the street. Fortunately, two women, who were chatting on the sidewalk, received the falling man on their heads and broke his fall. The bricklayer was taken up safe and sound. The bystanders shuddered to think that but for a lucky chance the accident would have cost him his life. The two women were instantly killed."

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This new book contains the merriest thoughts of the Merriest Men—short, crispy, pungent—all selected with care, so that they may be read by Man and Woman, Boys and Girls, at any time and place. It is a book for Farmers at their Firesides in Winter; for folks *at* home; Travellers in Cars and Steamboats, Ramblers at the Seaside and in the Woods. Take it up at any time and you will find something you have never seen before that will make you shake with honest laughter. Price, in fancy paper, illustrated cover, red edge, only 50 cents; in board illustrated cover, 75 cents; in extra cloth, embossed and lettered, red edge, $1 (a choice gift book). Which will you have? Send your money and you shall have your "SNAPS." Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price. Address the *Wallkill Valley Times*, Montgomery, N. Y.

N. B.—Editors publishing the above, including this paragraph, one week, will receive a copy of "Ginger Snaps" free. jan16-3m

☞ An ill-natured Frenchman has invented a toy which he calls the *grimacitoscope*. You place the *carte de visite* of a lady friend in the apparatus, and she is distorted in a thousand hideous ways, the innumerable combinations of the kaleidoscope being successfully applied to the art of making one's fellow-creatures ugly.

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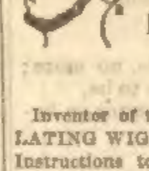

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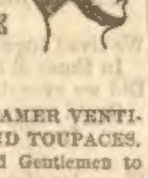

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NEW YORK:
GEORGE P. ROWELL & CO.,
Publishers & Newspaper Advertising Agents,
40 Park Row.
1869.

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II—A list of Towns and Cities in the United States and Territories, and the Dominion of Canada and British Colonies, in which Newspapers and other periodicals are published; arranged alphabetically by counties, giving population, location, branch of industry from which it derives its importance, etc.
III—A list of Newspapers and Periodicals having more than 20,000 circulation, with actual amount of circulation given in each case, according to the best accessible authority.
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VERSES TO VESUVIUS.

STROPHE.

O Vesuvius,
Excited crater! what's the matter,
That you bespatter,
Scorch and scatter
The land with lava and with matter,
Antediluvius,
O Vesuvius?

ANTISTROPHE.

O Vesuvius!
Let me once again inquire
What's the matter?
Put out your tongue (a tongue of fire,)
And let's look at her.
Ah, yes!—exactly!—inside out of order:
With great compunctions
'Tis my painful duty to record a
General disarrangement of the functions
Of your stomachic junctions,
O Vesuvius!

STROPHE.

O Vesuvius!
Both Longfellow and Lempriere
Declare,
The one in verse, in prose the other,
If you uncover
That insignificant volcano
By men call'd Etna, you'd discover
Enceladus.
But how should *they* know,
O Vesuvius!

ANTISTROPHE.

No, Vesuvius!
Vesuvius, no!
It isn't so.
You hold Enceladus, and *your* inside
Is stirr'd and troubled
By that rebellious giant, who defied
The gods immortal,
And was therefore doubled
Up, and cramm'd, and ramm'd, and jamm'd
Down your infernal portal,
O Vesuvius!

WAITING FOR HELP.

PAINFUL INCIDENT THAT BEFELL A HEAVY MAN IN THE HUNTING-FIELD.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Old Hickory's Figure Head.

The removal of the wooden bust of Jackson from the old frigate Constitution, at Charlestown Navy Yard, and the row that was made about it, will be recollected by some of the present generation. The story of the confession of the man who did it, as told by Mr. Dickerson, who was then First Assistant Secretary of the Navy, has but just made its appearance in print, and is as follows:—

I remember the towering rage he (President Jackson) exhibited when the news reached us that the figure head, carved in likeness of the President, had been sawed off by some miscreant in the night. He directed me to offer a large reward, and swore he would hang the scoundrel sooner or later. I offered the reward, and one night, some months after, a man sent into my rooms word that he wished to see me. I ordered him in, and a rough fellow made his appearance, with a sack thrown over his shoulder. Without saying a word, he slung the sack round and emptied a huge wooden head on the floor.

"There it is, sir. Now bring out your bears," said the man. It was a grotesque-looking thing, sawed off directly under the nose. "There it is, I say," he went on. "I had nothin' agin Old Hickory, but that head hadn't any business on the old Constitution. I'd saw it off agin. Now do your blamedest." I ordered the fellow under arrest, and, taking my carriage, drove to the White House, with the mutilated head in the sack. Giving it to a servant, I appeared before the President, and, without saying a word, sat the head on its nose before him on the table. He stared at it, and then at me, and when I explained, he burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. "Why that," he cried, at length—"why that is the most infernal grayen image I ever saw. The old fellow did perfectly right. You've got him, you say; well, give him a kick and my compliments, and tell him to saw it off again."

A Campaign Story.

During a time when politics was running high in the state of Maine, a Convention was held by one of the parties in Bangor to nominate a candidate for Governor. One name was proposed, and then another, but without obtaining the requisite number of votes to secure a nomination. It happened that there dwelt in the city a middle-aged gentleman of whom nothing was known except that at the hour of one o'clock, precisely, he was accustomed to enter one of the hotels for his dinner, and always occupied the same seat. Such had been his practice for years, so that he had become an object of interest to the many patrons of the establishment.

Finding it was impossible to nominate any of the regular candidates, a happy thought struck one of the delegates, and he proposed this gentleman, whom we will call Ferguson, as a candidate. None knew anything about him, and he was nominated, and a committee appointed to wait upon him and inform him of the fact. After a short absence the committee returned, the Convention was called to order, and the Chairman of the Committee reported that they had called upon Mr. Ferguson—had stated to him the action of the Convention, and that Mr. Ferguson had been *pleased* to say "*he didn't care a d—*."

The Worst of It.

Mary meeting Emma on the church steps, who has a new dress, exclaims—

"Why Em, got a new dress, ain't you? How very common those shades are!"

Em (indignantly and scornfully)—"I can excuse your ignorance, Mary, as you are not expected to know everything. This is the new shade imported direct from Paris."

Mary (exceedingly flustered as she sees a well-known figure advancing)—"Yes, I see now, it is lovely; but, Em, do tell me—could you see I have a false coil?"

Em (most emphatically)—"Certainly; it is all bulging out this side; and there comes Charlie Watson. By-the-by, I understand he hates false hair, dear."

Mary (dejectedly)—"Couldn't you fix it, dear, before he comes? Do, and I will give you my new handkerchief-holder that you like so much."

Em—"There's the organ commencing. I must go in. I would advise you to go home, love. Besides, holder are so common."

Em goes in, leaving Mary to seek her home, feeling that she has had the worst of the battle.

The Enthusiastic Professor.

There is a story, perhaps forgotten by all but men who were students at a certain college near thirty years ago, of an enthusiastic professor of entomology not celebrated for his exercise of hospitality, who was so delighted at the arrival of an eminent pursuer of insects that he invited him to bed and board in his house. Next morning, Dr. Macfly greeted his guest:

"And how did ye sleep the nicht, Mester Beehemoth?"

"Not very well; strange bed, perhaps I? But—"

"Ah!" quoth the doctor, eagerly, "ye were just bitten by something, eh?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, doctor, I was."

"Just think of that! Bitten war ye? Now, can you say it was anything at all noteworthy that bit ye? Peculiar, eh?"

"Fleas, I *think*. But such devils for biting I never met in my life."

"I should think so, indeed, (with great glee.) They're Sicilian fleas. *I imported them myself!*"

Public Halls.

An echo is one of the most interesting phenomena in acoustics. It is produced by the reflection of the sound-waves, as waves in water are reflected from smooth surfaces. A rough surface is a bad reflector of sound, as of light, because the irregularities reflect it in so many different directions that the various waves interfere with one another. The velocity of reflected sound-waves is the same as that of direct, so that we can easily determine the time required for an echo to reach us, when we originate the sound, by considering that the sound has to pass over twice the distance between us and the reflecting surface at the rate of 1,125 feet a second. The number of syllables that we can hear distinctly echoed will depend on the rapidity with which we pronounce them, and the distance of the reflecting surface. If the reflecting surface be near, the echo and direct sound will reach us so nearly together that the former will strengthen the latter. There is a limit to this, however, and it is evident that a speaking hall should be constructed in accordance with this principle. In large rooms used for speaking purposes, all echoes which can accompany the voice of the speaker, syllable by syllable, are useful for increasing the volume of sound; but all that reach the hearers sensibly later only tend to produce confusion. Professor Henry found by experiment that if a sound and its echo reach the ear within from one-fifteenth to one-twentieth of a second, depending upon the nature of the sound, they seem as one. This is called the limit of perceptibility. This gives us for the distance of the reflecting surface from thirty to forty feet.

If we take the mean of those numbers as the usual limit, we see that if a lecture hall have its walls farther from the speaker than thirty-five feet, some arrangement must be made to prevent the echo from interfering with the distinctness of the direct sound. Those who are within thirty-five feet of the echoing surface will hear the speaker more distinctly than without its effect; others will find it a disadvantage. Distant walls should be broken up into small portions, presenting surfaces in different directions. This may be effected in various ways. There may be a gallery with the seats and the floor rising rapidly behind one another, so that much of the sound which would otherwise reach the remote wall, will be caught directly by the hearers. "Especially should no large and distant surfaces be parallel to nearer ones, since it is between parallel walls that prolonged reverberation occurs."

Walls intended to aid a speaker by their echoes should be smooth, but not too solid. It is found that plaster on lath is better than plaster on brick or stone; the first echo is louder and the reverberations less. Drapery behind a speaker deprives him of just so much echoing surface. A lecturing hall is improved by causing the wall behind the speaker to change its direction to the right and left of the speaker, at a very obtuse angle, so as to exclude the rectangular corners from the room. The voice is in this way reinforced by reflection, and the resonance arising from parallel walls is in a measure avoided. The ceiling should not be too high; and concave surfaces, generally, should be avoided. An equal diffusion of sound throughout the apartment, not concentration of it to particular points, is the object to be sought in the arrangement of its parts.

In Chambers' "Information for the People" it is said "that the best known form of apartment for the proper distribution of sound, is that in which the length is from a third to a half more than the breadth, the height somewhat greater than the breadth, and having a roof bevelled off all round the sides. This species of ceiling, called, technically, a coved or coach roof, from its being lower at the sides than centre, is in all cases best suited for conveying sounds clearly to the ears of auditors."

The principles of acoustics are well understood, but they are too seldom applied to the construction of speaking rooms. In many instances costly assembly halls and churches are very defective in regard to public speaking. The fancy of the architect seems rather to be consulted in their construction than scientific principles. "The subject urgently demands consideration in connection with architecture."

PARTED.

We sang together, you and I,
In a quiet church, sweet songs of praise;
Your voice was like an angel's voice,
Your face was as an angel's face.

We knelt together, you and I,
In that dim old church, in sight of heaven,
And you prayed a prayer that the angels know
That sin may be forgiven.

We walked together, you and I,
In the happy groves, where wood-birds sing,
But sweeter were the pleasant words
That you kept murmuring.

They beat in time with our glad hearts,
Old words they were from some old song;
Laughing, you sang them, all for me,
As we two wandered on.

We talked together, you and I,
Wise things you spoke for one so young;
I listened, feeling all the while
That on your words a story hung.

We lived together, you and I,
In those old years, two friends, no more;
Did we ever dream of what was to be,
Could we span the years that were on before?

If we loved together, you and I,
Was it wise that the love was never told?
Was it better to let the time glide on
Till both life and love were old. L. C.
—*Dublin University Magazine.*

What Men Love.

No two men are affected in the same way by the same face; because it depends on themselves to seize the full suggestiveness of the face—to catch the stray lights of the features—and construct unspeakable sympathies out of the raw material of features. The man who pronounces a woman plain or beautiful according to certain canons of form is either a hypocrite, a pedant, or a donkey. A face is beautiful in proportion as it says something to you which you are desirous of hearing. Different men have different methods of hearing; and there are some to whom only the coarse message of health—conveyed in fresh color and plump cheeks—is intelligible. There are others, to whom such a face is blank and meaningless, who are willing to give away their life to win a smile from a certain pair of eyes, even although the eyes are green. Of course it is easy to see that a man with strong powers of idealism will construct a beautiful face out of unpromising materials; but this is not to the point. What face is that which appeals to the sense of beauty of the majority of men? Not the plump insanity of the colored lithograph. Not the buxom country lass, who has all the beauties of which poets sing, but whom poets do not marry. Not the pinky doll of the book.

Men love long eyelashes, because they seem to hide a secret. Men love those eyes which are transparent and yet deep, because there lies in them something of the unknown and the discoverable; and so men love faces that tell stories, and are coy, confiding, tantalizing, with vague and grand emotional possibilities hidden somewhere about their expression.

We have not said a word about the desirability of marrying a woman with one of these tantalising faces, nor of the desirability of marrying a woman with a pretty face at all. It is almost impossible to touch upon this branch of the subject without repeating the commonest of commonplaces. This may be said, however—a plain woman who has a cultivated brain, and good taste, ought always to be able to hold her ground against pretty women. Emotional variety has so much narrower limits than intellectual variety. You can run over the gamut of a woman's loves and hates much sooner than you can measure the circle of a cultivated intellectual sympathy: and, once you have exhausted the possible chords, their repetition is likely to become a trifle wearisome. With good taste, come the charms of artistic dress, pleasant, fresh, amusing conversation, and a graceful manner, which does far more execution than the victims of it imagine. Through her intellectual sympathies a woman enlarges the horizon of her life, borrows a new lustre for her own use, and gets the credit of all the wit, and grace, and brilliancy which her extended vision embraces.

AGRICULTURAL.

A French Mode of Fattening Poultry.

In Vichy (France) a very singular mode of fattening poultry has for some time been successfully pursued. A large circular building, admirably ventilated, and with the light partially excluded, is fitted up with circular cages, in tiers rotating on a central axis, and capable of being elevated, depressed, or rotated, which are so arranged that each bird has, as it were, a separate stall, containing a perch. The birds are placed with their tails converging to a common centre, while the head of each may be brought in front by a simple rotary movement of the central axis. Each bird is fastened to its cell by leathern fetters, which prevent movement, except of the head and wings, without occasioning pain. When the feeding time comes, the bird is enveloped in a wooden case, from which the head and neck alone appear, and which is popularly known as its *paletot*, by which means all unnecessary struggling is avoided. The attendant (a young girl) seized the head in her left hand and gently presses the beak in order to open it; then, with her right, she introduces into the gullet a tin tube about the size of a finger. This tube is united to a flexible pipe, which communicates with the dish in which the food has been placed, and from which the desired quantity is instantaneously injected into the stomach. The feeding process is so short that two hundred birds can be fed by one person in an hour. The food is a liquid paste, composed of Indian corn and barley saturated with milk. It is administered three times a day in quantities varying according to the condition of each bird. The food seems to be very satisfactory, for if any chances to fall they devour it all as soon as they are released from their paletota. The poultry house is well ventilated; but of course it is impossible for any place in which six hundred fowls are confined to be entirely free from smell. It takes about a fortnight to fatten a bird by this method. Before being killed the birds are left in a dark but well ventilated chamber for four-and-twenty hours without food. Each fowl is then taken up by its feet, is wrapped up so as to prevent all struggling, and then bled so adroitly in the throat, that its death seems instantaneous. The blood is then allowed to flow from it, and finally, after being plucked, washed, and cleaned, it is wrapped in a damp cloth, and is ready for sale. From forty to fifty fowls are thus killed and sold daily.

LAND.—You must understand that gravelly, sandy land soon gets tired and needs sleep. Spread over it a sheet of manure, and a green coverlid of grass, sprinkled with clover blossoms, and after a while it will awaken fresh and strong.

THE Rural World says the very best success with land, that we have ever seen, was with low swampy soil. Worthless, apparently, only to grow coarse grasses and weeds. It was ditched, ploughed and thoroughly cultivated, and a wealth was developed which made it lasting and productive, almost beyond account. There are many such swamps.

REMOVING OLD PUTTY.—Those who have plant houses, frames, &c., know how difficult it is to remove old putty from sashes without injuring the sash. I have seen it stated in some journal, that it could be removed very easy by applying a hot iron to it. I tried the experiment a few days ago for the first time, and was quite surprised to find how easily the most indurate old putty could be cut out after being well warmed up by the application of a red hot iron. Try it.—*Gardener's Monthly.*

USE FOR COAL ASHES.—A careful farmer in Ohio writes that he has used coal ashes for twenty years as a compost for the droppings in his poultry yard. White and red ash contain about four per cent. of soluble alumina. By sifting dry coal ashes every morning under his roosts, he obtains at the end of a year a ton or more of material as rich as guano. The coal ash should be kept perfectly dry. In that condition it is as good as gypsum as an absorbent.

RECEIPTS.

FILLET OF VEAL (STEWED.)—Stuff it and half bake it, with a little stock in the dish; then stew it with the stock it was baked in, with some good gravy and a little Madeira, and when done enough thicken the sauce with flour; add catsup, a little cayenne, salt, and lemon-juice; give it a boil, and serve it over the meat.

VEAL AND PORK PIE.—For a medium-sized pie, have two pounds and a half of breast of veal, and one pound and a half of salt pork, which is more delicate in a pie than ham or bacon. Cut the veal into five or six pieces, and let it stew very slowly for an hour, with a quart of water, a head of celery, a small onion, thyme, parsley, and a bit of lemon-peel. Take out the veal, cut the meat from the bones in pieces of a convenient size for the pie, return the bones and pieces of gristle to the saucepan, season with pepper and salt, and let them and the gravy stew thoroughly for many hours, until the gristle is quite soft throughout, as this gravy should be strong enough to set into a very firm jelly when cold. Make your pie, arranging the veal and pork in conveniently small pieces, add a sufficient quantity of the gravy, reserving some of it, and finish and bake the pie. When it is taken from the oven, put a funnel to the hole in the centre of the crust, and carefully pour in gravy enough to fill up. A cold meat pie is very poor if the gravy be liquid, instead of the well-flavored firm jelly which should fill up all the interstices. Chicken or rabbit in place of the veal are either of them very good, but for little folks it is as well to avoid bones in a pie; and, perhaps, even where the company is grown up it is so too, as they are troublesome at a well-packed table.

TO PICKLE CARROT.—Boil carrot until tender, cut them in fancy shapes, and put them in strong vinegar. This is a pretty garnish and an excellent pickle. It can be spiced or flavored to suit the taste.

VERMICELLI PUDDING.—Boil four ounces of vermicelli in one pint of new milk with a stick of cinnamon until it is soft. Then add one half pint of thick cream, one quarter pound of butter, one quarter pound of sugar and the yolks of four eggs. Bake in an earthenware dish without paste.

COMMON SHELLAC dissolved in alcohol makes the strongest cement for wood; it will unite the fractured legs of your chairs and tables as firmly as if they had never been broken.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 39 letters.
My 29, 28, 3, 9, 6, was a son of the Attic orator, Lycurgus.
My 18, 15, 21, was a daughter of Hecatomnus, king of Caria.
My 24, 2, 7, 33, 11, was a follower of Marc Antony.
My 4, 3, 17, 25, 14, was king of Corinth.
My 1, 20, 22, 18, 7, 23, 27, 5, was a poet of Athens.
My 16, 34, 30, 35, 29, 21, was a town in the Macedonian province of Pieria.
My 8, 37, 28, 12, 3, was one of the most ancient towns of Latium.
My 26, 31, 32, 19, 37, was an inland city of Etruria.
My 36, 5, 39, 38, was the wife of the poet Antimachus.
My 31, 10, 3, 17, 7, 29, was daughter of Inachus.
My whole is a verse from the New Testament.
HALIFAX.

Enigma.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 8, 9, 2, is a vessel.
My 7, 10, 5, 8, 4, 3, is a city in the United States.
When you have solved this you may say 6, 1, 3, 4, 11.
My whole deludes many.
MINNIE HAHA.

Riddle.

My 1st is in jacinth, but not in pearl.
My 2d is in noble, but not in earl.
My 3d is in pie, but not in custard.
My 4th is in pepper, but not in mustard.
My 5th is in lock, but not in key.
My 6th is in ocean, but not in sea.
My 7th is in haste, but not in speed.
My 8th is in follow, but not in lead.
My 9th is in apple, but not in nut.
My 10th is in palace, but not in hut.
My 11th is in yes, but not in no.
My 12th is in raven, but not in crow.
My 13th is in platter, but not in dish.
My 14th is in bird, but not in fish.
My whole is a motto for all.
GRACIE G——.

Charade.

My first is a game.
My second is a number.
My third is a relative.
My whole is an officer.
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Mathematical Problem.

Required the value of n when the nth root of n is the greatest possible.
ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

If A tells the truth three times out of four, B four times out of five, and C six times out of seven, what is the probability of the truth of a proposition which A and B independently affirm, and C denies?
Bucyrus, Ohio. J. SCOTT.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What is the difference between an engine-driver and a schoolmaster? Ans.—One minds the train, and the other trains the mind.

☞ Why is a thief like a ticket porter? Ans.—He is in the habit of taking other people's property.

☞ Why is a blind man like a water-pipe? Ans.—He is generally *led* (lead.)

☞ When is a man like a tea-kettle just on the boil? Ans.—When he is going to sing.

☞ Why is a key like an hospital? Ans.—Because it is full *of wards*.

Answer to Last.

ENIGMA—John Charles Fremont.

VELVET CREAM.—Dissolve nearly half an ounce of isinglass in a teacupful of white wine, one pint of cream, the juice of a large lemon. Sweeten the cream to your taste, and when the isinglass is dissolved, put in the juice to the cream, then pour the wine to that. Stir it frequently until it begins to thicken; pour it into a mould.

TO KEEP BRITANNIA BRIGHT.—Wash the ware every time it is used, in hot suds of fine soap; rinse with boiling water inside; when hot, pour over it boiling water, and dry while hot with a soft towel. Once each week rub the metal with wash leather and very little whiting. Take care of silver in the same manner.

TO KEEP SILK.—Silk articles should not be kept folded in white paper, as the chloride of lime used in bleaching the paper will probably impair the color of the silk. Brown or blue paper is better; the yellowish smooth Indian paper is best of all. Silk intended for dress should not be kept long in the house before it is made up, as lying in the folds will have a tendency to impair its durability by causing it to cut or split, particularly if the silk has been thickened by gum. Thread lace veils are very easily cut; satin and velvet, being soft, are not easily cut, but dresses of velvet should not be laid up with any weight above them. If the nap of thin velvet is laid down, it is not possible to raise it up again. Hard silk should never be wrinkled, because the thread is easily broken in the crease, and it never can be rectified. The way to take the wrinkles out of silk scarfs or handkerchiefs is to moisten the surface evenly with a sponge and some weak glue, and then pin the silk with toilet pins around the selvedges on a mattress or feather bed, taking pains to draw out the silk as tight as possible. When dry the wrinkles have disappeared. The reason of this is obvious to every person. It is a nice job to dress light colored silk, and few should try it. Some silk articles may be moistened with weak glue or gum water, and the wrinkles ironed out on the wrong side by a hot flat-iron.

☞ OLD LADY.—"I wish to purchase a copy of Lord Byron's works, bound in calf." Shopman—"Yes, ma'am; will this one suit you?" Old Lady—"The calf looks very dull and blotched; you can show me another." Shopman—"They are all the same, I can assure you, ma'am; it's in consequence of the cattle plague." Old lady buys the books perfectly satisfied.

☞ Does a man consider a woman a poem when she is a verse to him?